THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

April, 1803.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

[With an elegant Portrait.]

THE Duchess of Richmond was a daughter of the noble house of Ailesbury. Her Grace possessed all that fascination of manners, which elegance of mind, accomplishments, and the amiable virtues, can bestow. Her taste was universally acknowledged; and amongst her most favorite amusements, was that of the drama.

Some years past, the Duke of Richmond erected a superb theatre, where the Muses assumed the lead with the most triumphant success. Many plays were performed; but amongst the most conspicuous for fine acting, was *The Wonder;* in which *Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald*, as *Don Felix*, the *Honourable Mrs. Hobart*, (now *Countess of Buckinghamshire,)* as *Flora*, and the *Honourable Mrs. Damer*, as *Violante*, acquitted themselves with a degree of talent which would have honoured the public stage.

Miss Farren, now *Countess of Derby*, was the prompter to these elegant performances; and their Majesties used to give them encreased dignity by their presence.

It would be tedious to recount the actors in every play which at the Theatre in Richmond House, drew down the applause of the most polished audience in the kingdom; but we cannot help noticing the admirable performance of *The Way to Keep Him*. *Mrs. Damer* was the lovely representative of *Mrs. Lovemore*, and *Mrs. Hobart* of the *Widow Belmour*. Both of these characters were supported in a style equal to the great originals.

The amiable Duchess was the Lady of these Revels. She imparted new pleasure to every pastime, by the grace with which she conducted an amusement in which she did not join. Never attempting the drama herself, her generous spirit enjoyed the admiration bestowed on the theatrical talents of her noble guests. Wherever this illustrious woman moved, she diffused cheerfulness; and when the hour approached, which deprived her family and her friends of her inestimable presence—her hearse was followed by a crowd of mourners—and grass shaded the marble of her tomb, before they had ceased to wipe their weeping eyes.

ON THE PROCRASTINATION OF HAPPINESS BY MARRIAGE.

TO marry too young, has always been considered an act of rashness; to marry when too old, is an act of madness: whilst man is at his meridian, he is capable of enjoying true connubial felicity: one woman will then be found not to be too much for his peace, and enough for his passion. The philosopher Thales, prest by his mother to enter into a state of wedlock whilst young, replied, "It is not yet time." When advanced in years, her request was repeated: he then said, "It is too late in life."

OLD

OLD WOMAN.

NO. LVI.

[Continued from page 153]

"LOOK, Ladies," argued I, pressing my point—"look at the pale, thin spectre forms, which, like so many skeletons set in motion, glide up and down Bond-Street, and other lounging places, or display their ghostly forms at our public assemblies. Look at the boys and girls that "pale their ineffectual fires" at our routes, balls, drums, and other fashionable *crams*—The very shadows of shades. But what better can be expected from females who are the willing victims of catarrhs, consumptions, and asthmas, long before they arrive at confirmed womanhood; and who, before they become mothers, if they ever live to be such, are miserable examples of desolated beauty and untimely old age? In other words, the dupes and sacrifices of their own pride, vanity, and folly. Can it be supposed that such beings should add to the beauty, power or glory of a nation? These have always been thought to consist in an flourishing and healthy population—the progeny of temperance and of modesty. Believe me, young ladies, we may as well expect to see the goodly fruits of the earth rise out of a snow-ball, or reared in an ice-house, as a happy race of children spring from those starvling, shivering Nudities of the present day."

Would you believe, my venerable friend, that all the time I was pronouncing these sentiments, there was a general winking and nodding, and touching toes, and striking of elbows, amongst the whole party: stifling, at the same time, a horse laugh. And at the end of my remarks the burst was universal, and they re-echoed the opprobrious terms—*dotard, prig, quizzy,*

and—OLD WOMAN, till they hooted me out of the room.

But hear the sequel: when I expostulated with two of the company—namely, my daughter and cousin—they very coolly assured me that it was not at all wonderful a woman of my age should bundle herself up in the manner I did, from the throat to the great toe, in thick double handkerchiefs, deep tuckers, boney stays, and ten-fold petticoats—as it was certainly a part of wisdom to hide what was no longer worth displaying; and that *art* was a very good second-hand commodity to a poor old soul under such unfortunate circumstances: But while youth and beauty remained, they really could not see any great harm in giving a few innocent proofs of it. "What can be more natural," said my amiable daughter, "or more innocent," quoth my agreeable cousin, "since it is well known, that in proportion as we approach a state of nature, we advance to a state of innocence? for, you know, my good old lady, all these bundlings up of the body in flannels, small cloaths, petticoats, &c. are so many instances of the *fall;* and in truth, such of the young women of the present day as are tolerably *fit to be seen*, rather deserve the praise than the blame of the nation in general, and of lovers and husbands in particular. Yes, my dear—OLD WOMAN, I say praise, for our endeavour to restore the graces of that primitive age, which has so often been the admiration and the envy of succeeding generations." They concluded by desiring me to persevere in the system of *concealing* what would be preposterous in them to discover; and that however highly I might think of the practice of muffling up my little, old quiz of a personage from top to bottom in spring hoods, warm night-caps, fleecy socks, and flannel stockings, I could not but know, that the age of truth and nature was not according to my fashion, but agreeable to that in which their own lovely persons were at that time exhibited; for which they had ample demonstrations, sacred and profane.

Amongst

Amongst others, that they flattered themselves, they personified the image of the poet who said, that a pretty young woman was,

"When unadorned, adorned the most."

Here they looked at each other, and also at a large pier glass which reflected the person at full length—But that an ugly old woman could not well exhibit too little of herself.

After these very *sensible* and *keen* remarks, as I was preparing a reply, they set up another horse laugh, which occasioned my second defeat, and their consequent triumph.

Now although, my venerable friend, I am perfectly sensible of the truth of that moral observation which I find in an excellent little book* I have lately presented to my grand-daughter as a new year's gift; although, Madam, I am convinced that "honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time," nor that which is measured by number of years, but wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and unspotted life is old age; I trust I have so conducted myself through the paths of life, which I have now trod for near seventy years, as to entitle me to the respect which length of days confers, when accompanied by the experience which time bestows, and to which a blameless example ought to give authority. But then I am an OLD WOMAN; and believe me that is sufficient in the eyes of the majority of young women, aye and of men too, to be made their laughing-stock.

Pardon me if I feel persuaded that at least three parts of your young readers make a laughing-stock even of you also. Nay, I had the mortification lately to see two overgrown Misses in the act of laughing at one of your valuable lucubrations. 'I wish,' exclaimed one of them, 'this stupid old fool would not

* Proverbs, or the Manual of Wisdom.

preach so much about delicacy, virtue, prudence, and all that, and a pack of stuff picked out of the old school, when girls were as stiff as whalebone, and young men moved about in a suit of armour. I wish she would give us a love-story, or a pretty song; or draw us a pattern of the last fashion.' 'For my part,' rejoined the other, 'I am quite sick of her antiquated maxims. Let us not be old woman'd any longer, my dear, but go to something else. We have plenty of quizzing from the old folks in our own parlours and bed chambers at home. There is my odd old fish of an aunt, and your queer frumps of a grand-mother, that are enough to give one the vapours, without paying for this OLD WOMAN's trumpery once a month; and if she dont mend her manners, and talk a little like a woman of the new school soon, I'll cut the connexion, that's flat.'

Upon this, the spirited lass who then had you in hand, tossed you down with an air of disdain, saying—'So much for the—OLD WOMAN!' 'I tell you what,' says the other,—(springing from her chair, and taking up the book)—'a very few months ago, you must know, this ancient Lady was upon her high sentimental ropes, and quite gave *us* agreeable young folks a jobation—for which—I am now in the humour to give *her* a CON-fla-*gration*. The fire is, you see, shockingly dull to day—suppose we help it up with a leaf or two of the—OLD WOMAN! I dare say she is as dry as a stick, and will burn like tinder. I am resolved to try, however: so there goes,—old girl.' Saying which, she tucked you between the bars of the grate, and thrust you forwards with the poker, laughing all the time that she was about to roast a virtuous old lady, as if she was only singeing a chicken. And you would absolutely have been reduced to ashes in a few minutes, if, with true fellow feeling, I had not rescued you from the flames, and walked off with you into my closet, just as you began to take fire.

These

These acts, Madam, are so atrocious, and yet so common, that I really must entreat of you to assert the claims and privileges of your character. Represent, I beseech you, that a virtuous old age has been, in all times and countries, esteemed and reverenced. That the greatest honors have been paid it in all civilized nations by the most illustrious characters, sacred and profane. From all, it claims tenderness and respect. Its claims are just, acceptable and sacred. Reason approves them; sympathy welcomes them; revelation sanctions them. "Let children requite their parents. Despise not the mother when she is old. Intreat the elder women as mothers. Ye younger submit yourselves unto the elder. Thou shall rise up before the hoary head." In a word, if the hoary head be found in the way of righteousness, wisdom, and honor, instruct the rising age, that it is a crown of glory.

Wishing this glory may long be yours, till at length it entitle you to one more glorious,

I am, in all affection and sympathy,

Oldfield Lodge, Yours,
Winter's Green, MARGERY PENTWEAZLE.

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

BY inserting the following query in your entertaining Miscellany, you will greatly oblige your constant reader, CAROLINE.

"Is not that delicacy which ought to accompany a woman's actions, a little violated by a *second marriage*?

THE

THE MANAGING HOUSEWIFE;
A CHARACTER.

MRS. Hatchpenny is that sort of woman which the kindness or the sarcasm of the world (I am at a loss to say which) calls a *managing housewife.* Being rather limited in her ideas of human capacity, she considers it as the sum total of every virtue, *to make things go as far as they can*; and the perfection of accomplishments, *to keep her house clean.* Her refinements in œconomy are the general topics of her conversation; and she triumphs in defying her neighbours to say, they ever saw a speck of dirt upon her hearth, or a chair out of its proper place.

Not long ago I heard her informing a company, that she never hired a man-servant unless he could whistle. When her audience were staring at each other with looks of eager enquiry, she added, 'When he goes to draw the beer, I constantly attend him to the top of the cellar-stairs, and insist upon his whistling all the time he remains below:' concluding naturally enough, that the same mouth cannot whistle and drink at the same time.

My aunt makes her Solomon and me scrape our feet twenty times a day; and every Saturday night we are compelled to go up stairs without our shoes, because the house has been washed, and Molly has something else to do beside *scrubbing after us for ever.*

Notwithstanding her attention to œconomy, she is fond of fine cloaths, or, as she calls it, *looking like other people;* to accomplish which, being now eleven years past her meridian, and weighing about twenty-three stone avoirdupoise, she dresses herself in white, with a pink sash, and a proper assortment of pink ribbons. If you have been so fortunate, gentle reader, as to catch an *Aurora borealis* in the *via lactea,* you cannot be at a loss for a simile to which you may liken the heroine of my history.

The

The conversation of my aunt, particularly when she *looks like other people*, has something in it not, perhaps, very peculiar, yet not altogether unworthy of notice. She is what I have heard in the Borough called, *a fine-spoken gentlewoman:* by which I am led to conceive, their fine speaking consists in volubility of utterance, and a readiness in the vulgar tongue. Her speeches, however, are full of animated matter, and rhetorical figure, and delivered in a tone of voice much like that of Caius Gracchus without his pitch-pipe. She talks of *giving the hydra-head of fashion a rap on the knuckles;* and when she wants a simile, generally has recourse to a sugar-loaf, or the monument.

Thus her style is ornamented with the best flowers of rhetoric, similes, and metaphors; similes which, by a peculiar felicity, convey no ideas of similitude; and metaphors, which illustrate nothing but their own confusion.

My aunt has many amiable qualities. Her fidelity to Solomon is unimpeached, and invincible. She is constant in her attendance at church, unless perchance she has received a card of information, that Mrs. Deputy Peppercorn will wait on Mrs. Hatchpenny to dinner on Monday. In this case she prudently stays at home, whips up five syllabubs when there will be only four at dinner, returns her card of compliments, and waits with impatience to see Mrs. Peppercorn. The good lady has a just claim to the title of compassionate. She cannot bear those vile people who drive oxen through the streets of London, and *cut the poor creters about the legs till they look enough to make one sick.* But compassion, which consists only in words, does not content her. She gives in charity to a poor boy every week a penny, contriving within the seven days to send him at least on fourteen errands. My aunt contents herself with the idea, that no one can say she is uncharitable. I have somewhere heard of an ingenious philosopher, who turned his shirt, and

and observed, with the same spirit of contentment and satisfaction, *What a comfort there is in clean linen!*

Mrs. Hatchpenny was so kind as to take me with her to a tea-drinking party at Brompton, to which my uncle Solomon was invited: but the wind being in the east, and stocks low, he fancied he had a cold, and stayed at home. As we went by appointment *early*, we had discussed some weighty points before the tea entered. We had already learnt that Miss Primrose gave fifteen shillings a yard for her gown, and that she bought it from the shop at the corner of Juniper-Street. Captain Goose had bruised his side by a fall in King-Street, his sword getting between his legs, and thereby laying him sprawling. Mr. Titus Oats, a country cousin, had lost his turnips by the fly. Miss Tallboy had sprained her ancle by climbing an apple-tree. Mrs. Posset had been at the Hackney assembly; and to be sure Miss Cardamum was the belle of the place, till she began dancing, and then she moved for all the world like a raw militia man to the quick march. Or, said the lady of the house, with a good humored smile, like an elephant upon hot bricks. Or (added my aunt) like St. Paul's upon four wheels. The tea now arrived, and between the rattling of the cups, we had only time to fling in an observation or two, like the chorus of a Greek play, when the persons of the dialogue are taking breath. We passed a few strictures upon the Widow Scramble's fourth marriage; and, after the removal of the tea-table, and a short review of our absent neighbours' conduct, a general conversation took place, each addressing the person who sat upon the nearest chair. My aunt, in the mean time, could not help glancing first at the gown which had created a former conversation, and then at her own, being conscious that she had given two-and-twenty shillings a yard for *every inch* of her's. Unfortunately, no one asked the price of it; and she found herself under the disagreeable

ble necessity of informing the company, unsolicited, that she bought it at the same time when Mr. Hatchpenny fined for sheriff; which is now seven years come next lord-mayor's day. My aunt then took occasion to descant upon the convenient situation of their shop in the Borough; to do the business of which, she observed with some emphasis, *they were obliged to keep four journeymen, peck and perch, all the year round, one day with anotker.* Happily I was at hand to explain to the company, which I did with great pleasure, that the words *peck* and *perch* (a favorite metaphor with my aunt) were an allusion to the inhabitant of a bird cage, and meant nothing more than board and lodging.

'How do you like your neighbours the Hatchpennys?' said Miss Primrose, in a whisper to the lady of the house. 'They are *monstrously* entertaining,' said the other. A dialogue of a curious nature then commenced, in which it was remarkable, that the one regularly began a sentence, and the other as regularly finished it. 'As for him' said the first, 'he's a churlish old fool, with all the qualities of a bear.'—'Except his dancing,' returned the other.—'She's a great œconomist, I hear.'—'Yes, in every thing but her speech.'—'She's the envy of her neighbourhood for her great prudence,'—'and her green pickles.'—'Her reputation and her gown are ever without a spot.'—'The one because she's so unreasonably ugly, and the other because she takes such excellent care of it.'—'She's very nimble at cards,'—'and, never having been detected in cheating, may be said to have had a perpetual run of good luck.'—How far this dialogue would have proceeded, I know not; for our candle and lanthorn now called us to the peaceful abode of my uncle, whom, upon our return, we found, contrary to all the rules of domestic felicity, sitting with one foot upon the hearth, and a bottle by his side, which I strongly suspect to have contained some of the right Madeira. Upon our entrance, the position of the foot was quickly altered, and the bottle placed in

the cup-board. My aunt withdrew, in order to divest herself of her splendour before the supper came, remarking pointedly enough, that the *wear* and *tear* of clothes in carving was amazing and prodigious. The incidents of the next two hours were few, and may be easily told. Stocks had, from the accounts of that evening, risen one and a half, and my uncle's cold was better. At length, after a short dissertation upon the folly of mankind, and the extravagant demands of the London roll-bakers, we recollected that it was Saturday night, pulled off our shoes, and retired to rest.

ON THE HUMAN HEART.

BY LAVATER.

EACH heart is a world of nations, classes, and individuals; full of friendships, enmities, indifferences; full of being and decay, of life and death; the past, the present, and the future; the springs of health, and engines of disease: here joy and grief, hope and fear, love and hate, fluctuate, and toss the sullen and the gay, the hero and the coward, the giant and the dwarf, deformity and beauty, on ever-restless waves. You will find all *within* yourself, that you find *without:* the numbers and characters of your friends bear an exact resemblance to your external ones; and your internal enemies are just as many, as inveterate, as irreconcileable as those without. The world that surrounds you is the magic-glass of the world, and of its forms within you: the brighter you are in yourself, so much brighter are your friends; so much more polluted are your enemies. Be assured, then, that to know yourself perfectly, you have only to set down a true statement of those who have ever loved or hated you.

DE

DE VALCOUR AND BERTHA:

OR,

THE PREDICTION FULFILLED.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 158.]

CHAP. IV.

THE suite of apartments allotted to the use of Bertha, were furnished in a style of splendor which surprised her, and, from the appearance of every thing she saw, she concluded that they must have been recently inhabited; but there seemed to be no outlet or passage of communication with any other part of the building, except the iron door by which she had entered. One large window (and the only one which was not secured by a strong iron grating) commanded a view of a most beautiful and extensive lake, the calm bosom of which reflected the glowing tints of the setting sun, whose radiant beams illuminated a large track of land on the opposite shore. The scene would have had many beauties in the eye of Bertha in happier days; but now confinement, and reflections on her uncertain fate, sickened her heart, and made even the charms of nature an aggravation of her misery. Yet she found food for hope, in the idea that her melancholy fate, and peculiar delicacy of situation, might inspire the breast of her female attendant with compassion. A few minutes terminated her suspense, and drove her back to despair; for, in the long-expected, wished-for Maud, she beheld a figure uncouth, ill-featured, old, and apparently insensible to all she uttered. Imagining her to be deaf, Bertha addressed her by signs; but all her effects seemed unheeded by the inexorable Maud, who silently placed some provisions before her, trimmed the lamp, added fuel to the fire which had been kindled to air the rooms, and retired without a single look

of feeling or kindness. Bertha had little rest that night. The first object which met her eye in the morning, was a complete suit of black, to which was affixed a ticket: on it was written, "*A Mourning Dress for the Widow of Julian de Valcour.*" Bertha started up: it hung across a chair by her bed-side: she surveyed it again and again, imagining she was but in a fearful dream, but soon found the reality too true. Maud entered soon after: the unhappy girl grasped her withered hand, and, with streaming eyes, entreated to know if her Julian had been murdered. The old woman shook her head as if ignorant of her meaning, and every attempt to make her comprehend seemed vain. Bertha lost all composure; she paced the room with irregular steps, tore her hair, and gave way to the most alarming wildness. In this state she continued several days, during which Maud never left her, but continued to preserve the same forbidding cast of features as before. One day, when Bertha was more tranquil than usual, Maud retired for a few hours, and returned with a note, which she presented very respectfully: it was addressed to "*The Lady Bertha,*" and contained these words: "The Chief requests a short audience of the Lady Bertha; to which privilege he hopes his long attention to her wishes has entitled him. Every thing in his power shall be done that can contribute to her comfort or pleasure." Bertha hastily snatched a pen, and wrote, "Bertha de Valcour has *now* no wish, but for death or liberty." This she delivered to her attendant, who received it silently, as usual; but with an expression of countenance, such as Bertha had never observed before, and which now filled her with horror. Maud had not been gone many minutes, when a gentle knocking at the outer door gave her a momentary alarm. She listened in trembling anxiety; it was repeated. Convinced that it was no one who had allowed access to the apartments, she approached the door, when some one said, in a low voice, "Madam, Madam! your destruction

is

is certain, if you do not escape within two hours. Trust neither to appearances nor promises; you are not safe." The friendly voice ceased. Thinking it was the centinel who had thus warned her, she eagerly demanded of him the means by which she could escape, and whether he would assist her; when the gruff tones, and rude reply, of the guard, convinced her of her mistake. He tauntingly asked, if "she was mad enough to think he would betray his trust for the whimpering of a woman?" Adding, "No, no, Signora; you are not the first bird that has fluttered in the cage; but if you escape from it without leave from our Signor, you will be a rare bird indeed." Disgusted by his inhumanity, and severely disappointed, Bertha retired from the door to devise some plan for her escape, each of which, as it occurred, she soon found impracticable. An hour elapsed by the glass which stood on the table, and no one came near to assist or comfort her. She turned her eyes despondently to the window. "Surely," she exclaimed, "this is my only alternative—death or dishonor. The height is fearful; and my fate seems certain, should I leap from hence; yet it is in the power of a benign Providence to assist me, to preserve me; to that alone will I trust." As she was thus reflecting, the clouds began to darken, the wind rose with considerable violence, and the vivid lightning dazzled the eyes of Bertha. With the agitation of the elements her mind seemed roused to energy, and she gazed with awful expectation on the foaming waves beneath her, which seemed swelling to meet and bear her to her destined grave. A distant cry of distress vibrated on the air. Bertha stretched herself from the window, and looked anxiously around. A small fishing-vessel seemed driven by the tempest towards the building, but the mariners appeared exerting their efforts to keep her clear. The heart of Bertha bounded with joy: heaven seemed working a miracle in her favor; for should they be brought near enough

to distinguish her signals of distress, she might yet escape in safety. Filled with this hope, she took a knife, and cut the sheets into strips, which she joined, and made a line almost long enough to effect her design. Again she approached the window: the vessel was within sight; she suspended her line, waved her handkerchief, and was at length successful in attracting the notice of some of the crew. Two or three, more venturous than the rest, hoisted out a boat, and rowed towards the tower where Bertha was confined, and which had long been a beacon to mariners. Finding the men below ready to receive her, Bertha secured her line to a large bar which crossed the window. She sprang nimbly on a chair; and was preparing to descend, when she felt her arm rudely grasped, and turning, beheld her masked persecutor. This was a moment not to be neglected. Desperate in her determination to escape from the horrid fate which his presence seemed to menace, she madly plunged the knife she held into his bosom. He gave a cry of rage, and grasped her yet more firmly. In vain the sailors below called to her to hasten her descent; every faculty was suspended by the dreadful sight of her enemy's blood streaming on the ground! streaming from the wound inflicted by her hand! She saw him stagger; she endeavoured to support him; but he groaned, and fell! Bertha shrieked aloud for assistance: the centinel rushed in; fired his piece; and in a few moments the room was filled with armed men, who surrounded their dying chief. One among them attended with assiduous care to Bertha: it was the kind Tyrault, who bore her from the curious crowd, and laid her upon a couch insensible to all that passed.

Meanwhile the ill-fated Julian had languished ten days in a noisome dungeon: all the misery which a malicious foe and a jealous rival could inflict, was his lot. He was made to believe his wife was faithless, and dishonored; and at length, by incessant persuasion, and in the dear hope of obtaining health

and

and liberty, he was induced to take the formal oath of fidelity to the society, and became one of the Independants, whose offences were chiefly of a political nature, and who seldom committed such depredations as could occasion them to be classed with robbers; yet each was sworn to espouse the private interests, and revenge the wrongs, of each other; and the breach of this promise was punished with death. Tyrault, who pitied his undeserved sufferings, yet dared not violate his oath, sought every opportunity of enquiring into the situation of Bertha, with the generous design of bringing the unfortunate faithful couple together; but the vigilance of the Chief gave him no opportunity of effecting his benevolent purpose. Julian became one of the society; and Tyrault learnt that it was the intention of the Signor to make Bertha his by force. All he could then do was, to warn her secretly of her danger, which he did, and hastened the solution of the mystery in which the fate of the unfortunate lovers had been so long involved.

(To be continued.)

ON POSITIVENESS OF OPINION.

IT was the observation of a very virtuous and elegant writer, that no one should be provoked at opinions different from his own. Some persons are so confident they are in the right, that they will not come within the hearing of any notions but their own. They canton out to themselves a little province in the intellectual world, where they fancy the light shines, and all the rest is in darkness. They never venture into the ocean of knowledge, nor survey the riches of other minds, which are as solid and as useful, and, perhaps, are finer gold than what they ever possessed. Let no man imagine there is no certain truth but in the sciences which he studies, and among that party in which he was born and educated.

THE POST-OFFICE SPY.

PACKET IV.

LETTER.

MR. HAZLEWORTH TO MISS HAZLEWORTH.

My dear Sister,

YOU alone, of all my family, have had candour enough to think favorably of my Louisa. It is for this reason my confidence shall not be withheld from you. The sarcastic reproaches I have endured in consequence of my *imprudent marriage*, have made me almost loath the presence of my former friends; and I own I have disdainfully refused to account to them for my marrying a woman, *poor*, *friendless*, and *uneducated;* for such she has been represented by my proud brother: but, in unfolding to *you* the true history of my wife, I shall not only bespeak your friendship for an injured unfortunate, but present you a pattern of virtue, and mental exertion, worthy imitation. Louisa Welbeck was the lawful daughter of a young and gay Irishwoman, who marrying a second time, accompanied her husband to England, leaving her child to the care of a family nurse who had children of her own, and was likely to treat Louisa kindly. For some time Mrs. Barton was punctual in her remittances; but failing after a few years, the foster parents of Louisa could ill afford to support an useless incumbrance; and as she was a strong healthy girl, she was soon able to assist materially in their various occupations; and as no account came of her mother in England, she ceased to believe she had any other parent than the one she was accustomed to acknowledge. In all the rude ignorance of the Irish peasantry, which is almost proverbial, Louisa attained her fifteenth year. She understood gardening; could spin, knit, and manage a dairy; but of reading, writing, or needlework, she had not the least idea. About this time her foster parents died; and Louisa was left destitute

destitute of friends or support. Their son, an awkward, brutal boor, would have had her to live with him; but they had never agreed well together; and the idea of her mother's living in affluence in London occurred to her, and determined her to seek her. On application to some distant relations, she obtained a contribution of about ten pounds, and with this little treasure she began her wild-goose chace, procured in a passage-boat to Holyhead; and when arrived there, demanded her way to London, where, she said, her mother lived, who was an Irish *gentlewoman* of fortune. She was accordingly directed to take a place in the stage, which she immediately did; and when arrived in the vast metropolis, found her little fortune reduced to eighteen shillings, and her wardrobe on her back. Imagine to yourself the figure of my poor Louisa. She was tall, fair, fresh-coloured, and of a good-humoured appearance: but her dress consisting of a mob-cap; large black silk hat, lined with pink, and trimmed with shabby lace; blue woollen petticoat, flowered gown, cloth apron, black worsted stockings, thick leathern pumps, and a red cloak, accorded badly with her account, that "her mother was a gentlewoman of fortune." When the coach stopped at the inn, she found it impossible to answer the enquiries of where she was going. She thought the name of Mrs. Barton was sufficient; but no one had the least knowledge of any such person. Louisa burst into bitter lamentations; and a middle-aged gentleman, who had travelled with her, pitying her distress, told her she might go home with him; and he would put an advertisement in the paper for her. Louisa thankfully accepted his offer. He was a widower, of a dissipated turn; and having taken a fancy to an object so novel, determined to effect the basest purpose. I will not offend your delicacy, my dear sister, by mentioning the villianous means used by such wretches, but merely inform you, that one night, when his conduct had been most insulting to Louisa, she, with all the power of health, strength,

strength, and rage, struck him to the ground, and rushed out of his house. Despairing now of ever finding her mother, she rushed through the streets like one distracted, till, fatigued and terrified, she sunk against a shed, where she remained till morning; when a woman passing with milk-pails, observed her senseless condition, and knowing her to be a country woman, assisted her to her own cellar, where she made her some comfortable tea, and drew from her the history of her misfortunes. "Arrah now, my child," said the good woman, when she had heard the tale," if you had not *tould* me that your mother was rich, I should think I was *after* knowing her; for I fetches milk to a mistress Barton; but she is very poor, God help us! tho' as like to you as two *pratoes*." Louisa shook her head mournfully: for to have found her mother, she would have dispensed with the expected affluence. But that very day Katty Callaghan made enquiries, and brought Mrs. Barton to her daughter. Barton had been a bad husband; had dissipated their property, and died deeply in debt; so that the poor woman severely regretted her early imprudence; and having no means of provision for her child, judged it best to leave her where she knew her to be safe, and in ignorance of her own cruel disappointment. She now resided in a poor lodging, where she had an infant to nurse; and as her health began to decline, she was not sorry for the assistance Louisa might afford her. She was now taught the use of her needle: her cloaths were new modelled, and her appearance rendered rather more tolerable. She daily took little Jane out, of whom she was very fond; and began to make observations on the manners and appearance of the Londoners. As she was docile and attentive, she soon made considerable improvements in her own dress and deportment; but as their circumstances were very much embarrassed, it was at length judged best that she should go to service; and by means of her first friend, Katty Callaghan, a place was obtained for her,

as

as under servant in a family where three were kept. Here she got some knowledge of cookery; and though her fellow-servants were not very *learned*, she perceived that her ignorance was a great misfortune, and very meekly begged the footman to teach her to read. Thomas was very partial to the pretty Irish girl, and gladly undertook the important office of a preceptor; but his lessons were not of long continuance; for as Louisa, with much inherent pride, rejected all his tender overtures, a total rupture was the consequence. Still she had gained enough knowledge of her book to continue her studies privately with success; and as a willing mind can conquer the most appalling difficulties, she applied herself with such continued assiduity, that she could in a short time read very well. Writing was her next object; but this she knew not how to accomplish, till her ready ingenuity suggested the means. The children of the house threw their old copy-books about, which were commonly used for waste paper. These, however, Louisa carefully treasured; and at every interval went over the characters with her pen, till she got and idea of the formation of letters, and progressively learned to write a legible hand: but more to her praise be it related, that, out of every quarter's money, she devoted the principal part to the use of her mother and little sister. She was honest, faithful, and industrious, and gained the approbation of her master and mistress, who treated her very kindly: but from this comfortable situation she was abruptly taken by the alarming state of her mother's health, who now required her constant attention.

KITTY PRY *in Continuation.*

I am prevented, by particular family concerns, from continuing the history of this young woman, whose conduct affords a striking contrast to that exhibited in the narrative of Jessy Blake. As the remainder will take me some time to copy, I must beg leave to defer it till next month. I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

March 12th, 1803. K. PRY.

THE RECLUSE:

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN RETIREMENT.

By an Old Moralist.

[Continued from Page 160.]

IMAGINATION IN FRIENDSHIP.

THE same arbitrary fancy which sways the mind in relation to love, impels it to equal mutability with regard to friendship. Julius is introduced to a new acquaintance: he seizes on some eminent quality which meets his eye; it strikes the then reigning whim of his soul; to the *one* virtue or accomplishment which he has discovered, he adds a hundred *others* from his own imagination; he places the stranger in his heart, and then worships the *snowy* friend, as he would have done a mistress, till time, or the warm breath of experience, dissolving its vapoury form, leaves it naked to his view. Hence, he wanders through life led by a false guide, who continually betraying him into mistakes, and incurring disappointments, at last gives him up to misery.

What situation can be more miserable than that in which a feeble old man sits down within the walls of his own house, with no soothing hand to smooth the pillow of declining age; no friend, on whom he can lean for comfort? Month after month, and year after year, roll on in joyless insipidity: there is no tender wife, no affectionate children, to support his tottering steps through the sultry scenes of summer; no jocund hearts, and happy voices, to chear his winter hearth, and steal him from the horrors of the season: no, his days are comfortless and solitary; his nights are dreary and sad; the splashing rain, and howling

howling winds, are the only sounds which disturb the sullen silence of his hours: he is alone in the world. in his old age, he is deserted by mankind, because in his youth, they were sought by him, only to be abandoned.

How opposite is this character to that of Alphonsus! Alphonsus is the *subject* of his reason. His love is tender, ennobling, and unalienable: his friendship is warm, undaunted, and eternal: his affections are the offspring of reflection. Where he says he esteems, he esteems for ever; and those who once love him, will love him till their latest breath. He is not to fall into the dust, unpitied and undeplored. While he lives, he is cherished in the bosoms of his friends; and when he sinks into the earth, their streaming eyes water his tomb; and the monument which he leaves in their hearts, is far more august and durable, than the sculptured urn which crowns the grave of him whose aching eyes were closed by hirelings.

(To be continued.)

THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A FRAGMENT.

"HAVE pity on a wretched orphan," was the cry of a young girl, who, by her appearance, seemed to have moved in a higher circle than the one I beheld her; the tears trickling down her care-worn cheeks, and her bosom heaving with sighs, that seemed to rend the heart from whence they came, as she addressed a beautiful young creature, whose eye glistened with the drop of humanity as she surveyed her. My sensibility induced me to draw nearer, for the purpose of hearing their discourse.

"Have you no friends?" was the question. "Alas! Madam, I had a father, who fell in the battles of his country.

country. I was brought up from my infancy with the tenderest care. This shock overwhelmed us. The affliction of my mother, at the dreadful news, is impossible to describe; nature could not stand the blow; like a drooping lily, she withered, and died. Oh! Madam, had you seen her on her death-bed, what tender anxiety she expressed towards me, with what a degree of affection she pressed me to her throbbing heart—Alas! that heart will never beat more—while her last expiring look was bent towards heaven, as she clasped me in her arms, as if she seemed to supplicate the divine Being to protect me—Ah! now she's gone. Our little all was seized by merciless creditors; and friendless, and unprotected, I'm doomed to wander, a prey to misery and fatigue."

With a countenance that beamed humanity and gentleness, while the pearly drops of sensibility ran down her "damask cheek," she relieved the distresses of the wretched girl; whilst the humble mendicant, with difficulty, articulated, "God bless you," in such a tender, melancholy, impressive tone, that immediately spoke to the feelings. "God bless you," seemed to be borne on every breeze. 'Tis impossible to describe how affected I was. Suffice it to say, I did what a man of humanity and honor ought to do. She is now in a place, secure from every evil.

EDMUND.

ANECDOTE OF A TYRANT.

CHRISTIERN, King of Denmark, threaten ed the conquered Swedish peasants, if they made the least commotion, to cause a foot, and a hand, of each rebel to be cut off; observing, "that one hand, with one real and one wooden leg, were sufficient to serve the purposes of those who were designed by nature for no other occupation than that of tilling the ground!"

FALSE DELICACIES:

A COMEDY, IN THREE ACTS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

The Scene lies in Celia's Country House.

ACT II. SCENE III.

CELIA, CHEVALIER, LUCINDA, *and* MARQUIS.

Celia *comes in with a triumphant Air. The* Chevalier *gives her his Hand. The* Marquis *and* Lucinda *retire on each side of the Theatre.* Celia *places herself by the side of* Lucinda, *and the* Chevalier *by the* Marquis.

Marquis. I COME, Celia, to receive your thanks. The Chevalier stays with us; I have his word for it.

Chevalier. Your least desires are laws with me; there is nothing I would not sacrifice to them.

Celia. (To the Marquis.*)* Well, Marquis, are you satisfied?

Marquis. Quite so, Madam; and the Chevalier's conduct pleases me the more, because I knew the reasons for his departure; and it is creditable to friendship that he excels in it.

Lucinda. (In a soft tone to Celia.*)* You see how they thank you for the trouble you have given yourself; they do not even think of it.

Marquis. (Low to the Chevalier.*)* Ah, Chevalier! I think I have made a delightful discovery in your favour.

Chevalier. (In a low tone.) How so?

Marquis. (In a low tone.) My friend, she loves thee—I dare almost answer for it.—Lucinda—But silence.

Chevalier. O, Heaven!

Celia. (To Lucinda, *whilst the* Chevalier *and the* Marquis *converse together in a whispering tone.)* But do you think that I cannot obtain one word of civility? a single word! In truth, that is strange!

Lucinda. Only see, I beseech you, with what politeness

they whisper together before us. *(Apart.)* Alas! I but too well imagine what they are talking about.

Marquis, (Aloud.) No, Chevalier, I shall never forget, I shall never forget this proof of your friendship. Yes, friendship is of all sentiments the most precious, the most true, the most——.

Celia. You are right; I approve your way of thinking; it is mine also: and as to love, I will hear no more of it.

Marquis. (Apart.) She wishes to irritate me; it is a good sign. *(Aloud.)* You see your influence over me; you will hereafter encourage nothing but friendship, and I abjure every other sentiment.

Celia. Lovers are odious, insupportable; do you not think so?

Lucinda. Ah! I defy him to prove the contrary.

Marquis. (Maliciously.) And you also, my fair Lucinda, do you rail against love?

Chevalier. (Quitting his place; and approaching Lucinda, *with a tender and sanguine air.)* Why should you speak ill of it? It is the only thing you cannot persuade yourself of.

Lucinda. (Looking at the Marquis.*)* I shall never try to persuade malignity from error, *(regarding the* Chevalier,*)* nor foppery; both follies amuse me, but do not make me angry.

Chevalier. (In a piqued tone.) I do not well understand such a discourse; nor have I the curiosity to search into it. *(He goes to his first place.)*

Marquis. (To Celia.*)* Celia, you are thoughtful; and do not perceive the Chevalier and Lucinda are going to quarrel.

Lucinda. (Quickly.) That expression—

Celia. Yes, I am thoughtful. I was reflecting on the inconstancy of men, their falsehood, and perfidy.

Lucinda. Yes, indeed! how inconsistent and vain!

Marquis. And the women?

Chevalier. Do not paint them, pray; the retaliation would be too cruel.

Lucinda. (To Celia.*)* Do you feel the value of this generosity?

Celia.

Celia. *(With passion.)* 'Tis too much; Let us go. Come, Lucinda; I am outrageous. *(To the* Marquis.*)* And you, Sir, I forbid my presence for ever.

Marquis. *(Stopping her.)* What is my crime? Condescend to inform me.

Lucinda. In truth, it does not deserve the consideration of anger.

Celia. *(To the* Marquis.*)* Leave me, I beg of you.

Chevalier. I am kept here as the spectator of a pretty scene: but I will go, and order my horses.

Lucinda. You threaten with a terrible menace!

Chevalier. I do not pretend to punish any one; but only to renounce a complaisance which cannot be agreeable.

Marquis. *(To* Celia.*)* Pray, Madam—

Celia. My patience is beyond all bounds; this violence is beyond all bearing, and puts the last colouring to your proceedings.

Marquis. What! you forbid me to follow you?

Celia. It is the last order you will receive from me.

Marquis. Ought I to be the victim of my submission? When you command, I know but to obey.

Celia. Odious falsity! It is then in this manner that—But I had better remain silent. Come, my dear Lucinda, come away.

Lucinda. Tranquillize yourself. Why cannot I see you as indifferent as myself in those trifling maters? [*They go out.*

SCENE IV.

The MARQUIS *and the* CHEVALIER.

Chevalier. *(After a short silence.)* Well, Marquis?

Marquis. A scene truly of anger and spite. It is what I wish'd for: at present I think myself belov'd, I am almost sure of it.

Chevalier. I give you joy of your success: for my own part, I am going this instant. Adieu.

Marquis. One moment, Chevalier, hear me. Do you yet love Lucinda?

Chevalier. Why do you ask that question?

Marquis. Answer it honestly.

Chevalier. I am sure she detests me; have you not had a proof of it just now? And your pretended discoveries are mere chimeras.

Marquis. Yes, Chevalier, you are beloved; I insist upon it. Lucinda, in another sense, is as romantic, and as much a metaphysician, as Celia; she has unveil'd to me her system; a moment of truth has deceived her. If you had seen her trouble, her embarrassment, having recourse to all the resources that her wit and address could furnish her, you would have thought as I do. Stay, stay, my friend, I entreat you.

Chevalier. (Quickly.) And why this eagerness to keep me here against my will? I will, I must go. Cease to abuse and deceive me by vain illusions. I am no longer myself; my head is troubled, my reason wanders. If you love me, instead of detaining, you ought to snatch me from hence. In pity, let me depart; this house is a prison to me. In the confusion of my ideas, I know not longer what part to take. Marquis, you have undone me.

Marquis. Heavens! what an agitation are you in, Chevalier! No, you shall not go; your happiness is at stake, and let friendship labour to secure it.

Chevalier. She hates me; I tell you, she hates me.

Marquis. I must find a way for you to discover her sentiments, and I have found one.

Chevalier. Ah, my friend! I know them but too well. Once more, let me depart. You will then all be happy. You see what effect my presence produces; it has interrupted the sweetness and charms of your society. I carry misfortune along with me.

Marquis. An idea comes into my head. Let us go and find them both. Let us not speak of your going; but seek, on the contrary, to appease them; that will not be difficult; and when they think all is forgot—But, come; we may be surprized here. Come, I will explain my design to you. We must deceive them both.

Chevalier. But will Lucinda pardon me?

Marquis. Her anger will be of no use to her. When you

you have once read her heart, in spite of herself, you will again see in it the pardon of an artifice of which love alone is the cause.

Chevalier. And if I am more certainly convinced of her indifference, and perhaps of her hatred—

Marquis. Fear nothing, I am sure of the contrary.

Chevalier. Let us go then, my dear Marquis. I commit myself to you. *(Exit both.*

(To be continued.)

The AMAZONS; an Historical Trait.

AMONG the illustrious women who have been distinguished for a manly heroism, which, though not, in general, suitable to the sex, is, in some particular cases, highly to be praised, was Jeanne Hachette, a celebrated woman of Beauvais, in Picardy, who, when the Burgundian army besieged that city in 1472, headed a company of other heroines, in order to defend it. On the day of assault, this valiant woman stood in the breach, seized the flag that the enemy were going to plant upon it, and threw down the ensign that bore it from the wall. The name of this Amazon is still dear to the inhabitants of Beauvais. Her descendants are exempted from all taxes; and, in memory of this action, a procession is made every year, on the 10th of July, in which the women take the lead.

Antiquity exhibits a similar instance of female heroism, in the illustrious Telesilla, of the city of Argos, in the Peleponnesus. In the year 557 before Christ, the city of Argos being besieged by Cleomenes, king of Sparta, Telesilla armed all the women, instead of the men, and posted them on the ramparts to oppose the enemy. The Spartans, less terrified than astonished, to find such enemies to combat, and sensible, that it would be equally dishonourable to vanquish or be vanquished by them, instantly raised the siege. By this happy audacity, Telesilla delivered her country from a formidable enemy; and the citizens, in gratitude, erected a statue to her memory.

For the LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM much surprised to see a number of my fair countrywomen submitting so tamely to the many scandalous infringements that have been made, within these few years, on their occupations and employments, by a set of ignorant, insignificant coxcombs, who have the audacity to call themselves *men*. For my part, I cannot conceive they are at all entitled to rank with the sex. To such an extent, Sir, has this invasion on the Womens' birth-rights become the fashion of the day, that there is scarcely a single department in life, which should alone be filled by the fair sex, but we are almost certain to see some proud *jackanapes* thrusting in his nose, and superseding them. But the greatest evil, Mr. Editor, of this sort, and of which I would moſt complain, is finding these *chaps*, placed behind the counters in *milliners* and *haberdashers* shops. Nay, so far do these *violators* persist in trespassing on the natural prerogatives of the Women, that I myself know a fellow (but whose name I shall forbear to mention) in Charles-street, Covent-garden, who, without the least hesitation, actually takes measure for gowns, stays, and other wearing apparel, of many of our tip-top Ladies of rank and fashion. This, Sir, I think you will say is, indeed, past all bearance. Is it not a natural question enough then to ask, "Why Ladies permit the gross absurdity of such a disgraceful practice, so detrimental to numbers of their own sex?"—I'll tell you, Sir, what it is, and what I think you will say is worse than all: These very Ladies, to whom our injured fair-ones should look for protection, are the sole establishers and encouragers of this vile usurpation; for I understand they do not scruple even to declare their utter abhorrence of being waited upon by any but the *male part of the creation*. If they really do persist in this opinion, there is an end at once of hoping the evil will ever be removed; at leaſt by any fair persuasions.

I am confident, Mr. Editor, that it must appear as strange to you, as it does to me, that Ladies, who have received

received the least refinement in manners and education, can possibly make this horrid and disgraceful preference! How rediculous and disgusting, one would think, it must be to the ears of a sensible woman, to have a starched-up ignorant fellow recommending a Cap, a Bonnet, or a pair of Stays! descanting freely on the fashions of the day, with "*These here Laces, Madam, are weary much vore in Bond-street, and all the fashionable circles.—Them there Ribbons in the window there, we have sold a prodigious quantity of—Nothing can accede the elegance of those worked Veils; they are, indeed, accessively beautiful. If I could advise you, Madam, I would have you purchase one of these here Shawls; they come wery cheap, and will be found uncommonly comfortable!*"—And again, how shocking to think of having their Growns, Stays, &c. fitted and tryed on by the Males! It is, indeed, almost impossible to suppose such a disgraceful custom should exist. Did the evil of this practice, however, terminate in the *shame* only of the supporters and practisers of it, it would hardly be deemed a matter worthy of consideration. But only conceive, Sir, what numbers of young women, who, perhaps, have received a pretty good education, and the daughters too of respectable tradesmen, that are, by these infringements, obliged to accept of some menial station, or continue a heavy burthen to their parents!

When I reflect on this, and consider the difficulty, also, that young girls find in general, in procuring comfortable situations and employments, and a little like that to which they have been brought up, I cannot help thinking, that it is, indeed, no wonder we daily see so many distressed females walking our streets: For, as the proverb says, "*Poverty is no friend to honesty,*" so I conceive it—*No safeguard to virtue.*

What I would now wish to offer, is a remedy (if possible) for these unmanly infringements. Suppose a heavy Tax could be imposed upon the *Violators* of the Womens' rights, and a still heavier on the employers of them? Or, would it be better to trust to the candour and liberality of our Ladies of rank and fashion, by presenting to them a

petition, signed by a number of suffering females of honesty and respectability; stating the grievance and disadvantages under which they labour, praying them to discontinue the countenancing a custom so injurious to many of their own sex? Or, perhaps, some of your correspondents may hit upon a more eligible plan, that might tend to remove a calamity of so alarming a nature; for which purpose, I trust you will publish this Letter in your very amusing Miscellany.

Temple Bar, I am, Sir,
March 8, 1803. Your obedient humble Servant,
HORATIO.

AFFECTING HISTORY OF THE COUNT DE PELTZER.

THE Count de Peltzer, an officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty, and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own, and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 17th of June, at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his Mistress at a country-house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenbourg appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended,

ended, and she arrived at the town of Herstadt: it was in the morning, and "Never," said her brother, "did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister: the exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart." But, O, human prospects! how deceitful are you! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity! The carriage is stopped to let some soldiers pass, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the sight: she little suspected that it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troops, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe the situation of this unfortunate young woman, would be to insult at once the heart and the imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed; the mother is at his feet, and his mistress holds his hand. "O, Charlotte," cried he, opening a dying eye—He wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his mistress; she lost her reason, and, "No, I will not survive you," cried she, quite frantic, and seized a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bed-side. She came; he grasped her arm; and, after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob, "Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother;" and expires.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

SYLLA, having called a senate, had sentence of death passed on Marius, and some few others, amongst which was Sulpitius, tribune of the people. Sulpitius being betrayed by one of his slaves, was immediately seized, and executed. Sylla enfranchised the slave who had betrayed him; but at the same time ordered him to be thrown over the Tarpeian Rock.

To

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

Mr. Editor,

AS your Publication is professedly open to every Correspondent, who can find relief from describing the distresses under which they find themselves oppressed, I shall avail myself of the privilege the Museum affords me, and simply relate the misfortunes under which I labour, merely substituting a *fictitious name*. My reason for doing this, Sir, is, that we take in your Monthly Paper, and my husband generally appears to peruse it with delight; and if, by varying a few circumstances, he should feel a degree of interest in *my distresses*, I think I may have the felicity of regaining *his affection*, and once more becoming a happy wife.

I allow, Sir, that it is very difficult for a person to acquire a thorough knowledge of their own character; but I have certainly studied *mine* with the most scrutinizing care; for the moment I perceived an abatement in the tenderness of my beloved Edward, I began to fancy it must have been occasioned by some want of attention in myself. Unfortunately, however, I cannot find any thing in my own conduct, which it is possible for my husband to disapprove; for the first wish of my heart has ever been to study his inclinations, and to give him the most convincing proofs of my love.

For five years, Mr. Editor, I tasted as perfect a degree of happiness as it was in the power of a mutual passion to impart. We lived in the country, enjoyed the society of the friends around us, and our fortune was calculated to afford us the elegancies of life. I married at seventeen, soon after I had finished my education; and as my husband's estate was in a different part of the country, I had not an opportunity of keeping up an acquaintance with any of my school friends; though I occasionally corresponded with the *one* who had been my greatest favourite, though no two beings ever possessed greater dissimilarity of tastes. Emily Edgerton at school always bore the title of the *Mad-cap*; and even with our teacher had acquired a kind of privilege to indulge

in *frolic* and *fun;* whilst *I*, though naturally cheerful, never found my spirits highly exhilarated; but was always *quiet*, *placid*, and *serene*. This contrariety of sentiment seemed rather to strengthen our attachment; for I frequently prevented her from indulging sallies which must have ended in disgrace; and if ever I was out of spirits, her volatility dispersed my sadness, and the smile of cheerfulness again would illumine my face.

About six months ago, I received a letter from the too infatuating Emily, telling me she was coming upon a visit to a relation who lived within twenty miles of our house; and that she would not be within that distance of the friend of her affections, without personally renewing a sentiment she had so long cherished in her heart. I was delighted at the prospect of seeing a friend for whom I felt a sincere attachment; and my husband seemed to participate in the pleasure I expressed; for whatever afforded happiness to the mind of his Matilda, appeared always to impart the same sensation to his breast. Though I did not expect that time would have changed her disposition, or had an idea of seeing gloom or formality overspread her face; yet I was astonished at perceiving it had not been able to *diminish* the girlish hilarity she possessed at sixteen. Though she was not absolutely handsome, there was a fire in her countenance which the generality of men admired; yet, when she thought proper to convert it into an *interesting softness*, she appeared instantly to make an impression upon their hearts.

When my Edward was first introduced to her, he complained of the *levity* of her *manners*, and protested she was the last woman in the world he would have chosen for a wife; yet he not only soon became amused with the versatility of her humours, but declared she should be his *second* whenever I died. Though these declarations were merely made in frolic and good humour, I began to find they created sensations I wished to repress, particularly as I discovered that he often preferred *her society* to that of the *being* who had once occupied all the *tenderness* of his *breast*. Instead of assisting me to instruct the dear pledges of our affection, as he had always been accustomed to do before

Emily

Emily arrived, he regularly made a point, whenever I was so occupied, of accompanying her either in a walk or a ride.

This alteration in the conduct of my husband, I neither attributed to natural versatility or caprice; for so completely did Emily endeavour to wean his affection from me, that, perhaps, few men would have been able to withstand the artifice of her designs. If he appeared out of spirits, a *pensive air* instantly *overspread her features*, and she would enquire, in a tone of tenderness, if he found himself unwell; then turning to me, she would say, "I am astonished, Matilda, that you do not seem alarmed when Mr. L—— really appears ill."

Alarmed enough I was; but not at his disorder, as I knew his gravity was occasioned by the struggle between *virtue* and *vice;* yet I had no one to whom I could venture to disclose my apprehensions, or impart the agonizing terrors of my mind. I totally lost that cheerfulness which was natural to my character, and frequently sat whole hours in my apartment, alternately bathing the innocent countenances of my beloved children with tears, who would never fail asking their father, the next time they saw him, "Why he went out with Emily, and let Mamma stay at home to cry?" These artless reproofs would sometimes seem to awaken his tenderness; but were more frequently the means of exciting his chagrin; and he would pettishly tell them, "their Mamma had taken a *dislike* to his *company*, and chose to indulge rediculous *whims* and *caprices*."

Whenever he made these kind of replies to the pledges of our former tenderness, I always found it impossible to restrain my tears. The artful Emily would then throw her head upon my bosom, and desire Edward to give me an affectionate embrace. "My dear Matilda," she would say, "what can occasion this dejection, blest as you are, both as a *mother* and a *wife?* If you go on thus, my sweet girl, you will lessen your husband's affection; for in time you will destroy the natural loveliness of your face. The *pensive* style, I assure you, is not becoming to your countenance; and living in the country, your *husband really requires* to be amused;"

when

when turning to Mr. L—— she would enquire if she was not an excellent instructress; then fly to the piano, and desire him to endeavour to enliven me with his flute.

Every day I had the misery of perceiving she obtained greater influence over my husband, yet I knew not how to avoid the blow that threatened destruction to my peace; for Mr. L—— took frequent opportunities of expressing before me, the contempt he should feel towards a woman who encouraged *jealous doubts* and *fears*. Though these conversations were introduced as *if* by *accident*, I easily saw through the motive for which they were so frequently named; but at length Emily so completely defied the power of *decency*, that it was impossible for me to remain either *silent* or *tame*. The servants had long perceived the alteration in their master's conduct, and of course did not confine their observations to themselves; and the consequence of this was, that the different families whom we visited, treated her with a *reserve* that was bordering upon *contempt*. As soon as she perceived this alteration in their manners, she was continually abusing them for being *vulgar* and *ill-bred*; and frequently expressed her astonishment that Mr. L—— could bury such brilliant talents amongst a set of boors and clowns. These observations generally terminated by enquiring whether I should not like to live in town; or in declaring that I should become as vulgar as my neighbours, if I did not spend *two* or *three* months there every year.

Though Miss Edgerton had informed me, previous to her coming, that she could only pass six weeks at my house, yet the same number of months had elapsed since the commencement of her visit, and not a word was ever mentioned about going away. If my husband went out a *shooting*, she always made some excuse for walking part of the way with him; if *fishing* was his occupation, it was then her most favourite employ: in short, she so completely contrived to make their pleasures reciprocal, that he seemed to have forgotten that he ever had a wife.

One evening after their return from these interesting excursions, I desired the servant to tell his master, I begged to see him in my dressing-room; and I had kept up the

children an hour beyond their usual bed-time, for the purpose of making a more forcible appeal to his heart. I had strengthened my mind, by the power of religion, to a pitch of *fortitude*, which I had not conceived I possessed; and I calmly assured him, that either myself or Miss Edgerton should leave the house on the following morning. I also recapitulated the various instances of impropriety in her conduct; and at the same time condemned myself for having *permitted* it to be carried to such an extreme; and concluded by saying, that no power on earth should induce me ever more to see her, or converse with her again. It was in vain that Mr. L—— endeavoured to divert me from my purpose: and when he perceived the determined state of my mind, he assured me it was her intention to have left us in a few days, as the alteration in my manner towards her had given her the greatest pain. He acknowledged that he had received much pleasure from her society; but declared she had never inspired a warmer sentiment than esteem; and left me, for the purpose of imparting to Emily, a resolution which he found himself unable to shake.

The next morning the destroyer of my domestic happiness departed; and with her I lost the little claim I still had upon my husband's heart; for though he treats me with distant politeness, it is evident that I no longer possess a particle of his regard.

Under the feigned name of Lascelles, perhaps, he may recognize the sorrows of a being, who was once the *happiest* of all *happy* wives; and if *every sense* of *honor* should not be effaced by the power of passion, virtue may become triumphant over vice. At any rate, Mr. Editor, my story may prove instructive; and prevent young married women from introducing into their families any of their *intimate friends*, unless they have had convincing proofs of the *purity* of their principles, and are perfectly assured of the delicacy of their minds.

I am, Sir,
Your wretched Correspondent,
MATILDA L——.

THE

THE JUVENILE MONITOR.

BY EDWIN.

[Continued from page 165.]

NO. VI.

ON RESIGNATION.

——How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery!

SO multifarious are the corroding cares and anxieties of life, so oppressive are the calamities we are doomed to endure in our pilgrimage through the present state of existence, that the time of my gentle readers will not, I humbly conceive, be unprofitably employed, in considering the duties, as Christians, we are commanded to practise, when bowed down by any of the afflictive dispensations of Providence. This world is the scene of our probation; and the various trials we undergo, are the means whereby our faith is to be proved, our professions regarded, and our religious principles ascertained. We are directed by the book of life "to endure our afflictions:" If, therefore, we devote ourselves to the gloomy abodes of Despair, we not only ensure our own unhappiness, and entail misery upon our friends and relatives, but we shew a direct disregard for the precepts of our Creator. The Scripture does not enjoin sorrow as unworthy of, or disgraceful to us; it only moderates our grief. The mild and healing spirit of the gospel mollifies all our distresses, and directs us to raise our affections, and "soar above this little scene of things:" Not to sorrow as men without hope; but, with unfeigned humility, to resign ourselves to all the dispensations of Heaven, and cultivate a complacency and contentment of disposition, since our longest stay here is but fleeting, and merely preparatory to an eternal residence in another world beyond the narrow confines of the tomb.

Woeful experience loudly proclaims to every earthly pilgrim, the instability of all human possessions and acquire-

ments. If we are in affluent circumstances, abounding in the rich treasures of this world, and representing to ourselves future scenes of ease and happiness, how soon may our riches take themselves wings, and fly away! If we are priding ourselves upon our knowledge and abilities, the memory may refuse to execute its wonted office; and our learning, like the baseless fabric of a vision, vanishes, and leaves not a wreck behind. If health and strength be the objects of our boasting, alas! a single hair may suspend the vital spark; or some dire distemper attack our apparently healthful bodies, and in a few days or hours reduce them even to the brink of the yawning grave. Under these circumstances, what will our wealth, our possessions, or our titles, profit us? Will they shed over our wasting frames, the balmy influence of returning health? will they restore the mild lustre to the eye, the bloom to the cheek, or even procure one night of soft repose? Alas! experience once more proves the insufficiency, and absolute incapacity, of these seeming goods, to produce the least of these much wished-for advantages. If we are in the morn of life, presumptuously relying upon a long series of uninterrupted mental happiness, and bodily vigour; if we are directing our views to acquisitions which are to profit us in the winter of our days; how speedily may some unforeseen accident deprive us of the means of procuring them; or how quickly may the swift-winged messengers of Adversity overwhelm all our opening prospects, and disappointment follow closely upon the heels of fruition! If we are placed in the more humble walks of life, and on that account impiously repine at the eternal providence of that gracious Being who guides, sanctifies, and governs all the issues of life, and profanely despise the duties of the Christian Religion; how soon may death—a king of terrors truly to sinners—cut us off from this stage of life, bound and united to it, as we are, by a chain of offences!

Sons and daughters of affliction, in the sad school of Adversity, many mild and amiable virtues may be acquired. Vain will be your endeavours to learn humility and patience in the circles of fashionable life: If you are anxious to be instructed in the scriptural injunction of enduring your afflictions,

flictions, you must withdraw, and leave the busy crowd; you must turn from sensual seducers, and listen to the voice of that Comforter who (when great drops of blood distilled from his sacred body) could exclaim, with unexampled meekness, "not my will but thine be done."

To prescient Heav'n's all-potent will resign'd,
In solitude serene I'll more than pleasure find.

Art thou, oh, reader! bending under any of the heavy afflictions to which frail mortality is heir; do thy woe-worn cheeks and eyes, that lack their lustre, proclaim that thou art wretched; has adversity already cast a gloom over the morning of thy days; art thou oppressed by the haggard spectre Poverty; have thy relatives unfeelingly discarded thee, and cast thee on this unfriendly world, to seek a precarious subsistence? do not refuse to be comforted, but consider poverty, with health, is capable of much real happiness. Apply with diligence to your profession; and though your rich relations may look down, from their elevated sphere, with contempt upon you, be it yours to shew them, happiness does not consist in *feasting*, *jollity*, and *expensive vanity*; but that every thing which a pilgrim can require, is comprized in health, peace, and competence. "By virtuous industry," my dejected friend, "thou mayest acquire a decent maintenance; and by patience, and contentment, be happier than in the day of thoughtless prosperity." Seek then, I entreat thee, in Religion, that comfort which the world denies thee, and thou wilt abundantly find it. Would to heaven poverty was the only ill we had to grapple with; but, alas! it is but one in the grisly——troop. Look abroad for a few minutes, and on the one hand you will perceive a poor, luckless maiden, seduced by artful villainy, and cast forlorn upon the world: no friend, no protector, to afford a shelter from the pelting of the pitiless storm: let imagination dwell for a few moments upon the heart-rending affliction, and

Point to the parent's fondling with their child;
Then paint the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild.

If this little essay should fall into the hands of one who has experienced the cursed villainy of our sex, who has been first seduced, and then abandoned, think not, *my sister*, you are destitute; be not cast down; remember the Son of Man came down from on high to save sinners; and you have his own words for being assured, that on your sincere repentance he will abundantly pardon. But, on the other hand, I behold the afflicted parent mourning over the stay of his declining years; the wife hanging in mute despair around the neck of her dearest partner; life just quivering on his lips; the disappointed lover, and the forsaken child; the blasted—But whither do my thoughts hurry me? a volume could not contain an account of all the vicissitudes and calamities of this uncertain world.

If, therefore, under all adversities (and, reader, depend upon it thou wilt have thy share) we would preserve a composed and serene temper, we must not only direct our attention to, but we must practise the mild injunctions of the gospel, and rely with perfect confidence upon the goodness of our heavenly Parent, who has promised an exceeding weight of glory to the faithful followers of his commandments. It may be difficult, perchance, to perform well this important branch of religion; but it is absolutely necessary we should learn it, if we look forward to any state of sensibility beyond the silent tomb; and if in that state we have any desire to experience the realization of the glorious promises revealed to us by the Author and Finisher of our faith. "Conscious, therefore, of the indispensible necessity, and of the arduous nature, of the service in which he is engaged, the true Christian sets himself to the work with vigour, and prosecutes it with diligence. Prepared to meet with difficulties, he his not discouraged when they occur; warned of his numerous adversaries, he is not alarmed at their approach, or unprovided for encountering them."

Whether we labour under the pains of disease; whether the pallid cheek discovers the pangs of some fated distemper; whether we drink of the baleful cup of poverty, or mourn for the loss of those on whom our fondest affections are bestowed; whether we have been suddenly deprived of the beloved

loved child, the comfort of our declining years, torn unexpectedly from the outstretched arms of the protecting parent as he was blooming into perfection; or behold the impending dissolution of the husband and the father; let us, instead of directing our considerations to those who are happily free from these calamities, look to them who have drank still deeper of the bitter draught of human misery: let us reflect upon the many poor sons and daughters of woe, who are at this very moment enduring penury and disappointment, calumny and disease, despair and wretchedness. Think, oh, reader! think of the houseless child of want; the little infants demanding in vain the bread of life from their distracted sire; the fainting mother, and the roofless cottage!

O then, ye affluent, go, your hands outstretch,
And, from Despair's dark verge, oh! raise the woe-worn wretch.

But, above all, let us think upon Him who was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief; yet under accumulated afflictions repined not, but implicitly resigned himself to his Father's will.

Let us, then, set before us his bright example as the model for our imitation: let us consider the vicissitudes and adversities with which we are visited, as sent by a kind Providence on messages of mercy, and as working for our good: let us reflect upon our past conduct, review the actions of our lives, and make firm resolutions of amendment: let us be perfectly assured, that all the glittering toys, and vain baubles, which the world can present to us, cannot avert the calamities of life, or produce that disposition which will enable us to glide calmly down its stream. Resignation will produce its own reward; it will lead to Contemplation, that best nurse of wisdom; it will induce us to suppress the growth of pride; it will give us a rooted distaste and disgust for every sensual gratification; it will correct all extravagant expectations of uninterrupted success and prosperity in life; it may be the means whereby we become repentant prodigals, and are converted from our evil ways; it will invigorate the mind; and teach us, by placing our reliance upon the sympathy

pathy and compassion of Jesus, to meet the roughest blasts of adversity without shrinking. Thus shall we learn to despise the slight misfortunes with which we are now oppressed, and cultivate that true magnanimity which can make us rise superior to the frowns or smiles of the world, by the animating hopes of a joyful reception in the mansions of the blessed, "when this vain world shall be no more."

Reader, you have a glorious prospect before you; do not, then, I entreat you, trifle with it; but earnestly employ the talents committed to your care to the best advantage, by being unwearied in the exercise of every religious duty; and, in particular, be constant in prayer: endeavour, with courage, to stem the torrent of adversity; place your confidence in the Father of the orphan, and the Husband of the widow: thus will you serenely pass through this region of sorrow, and finally obtain a crown of never-fading bliss:

So glide my life away! and so at last,
My share of duties decently fulfill'd,
May some disease, not tardy to perform
Its destin'd office, yet with gentle stroke,
Dismiss me, weary, to a safe retreat,
Beneath the turf that I have often trod.

Chester, March 12th, 1803. G. B.

ANECDOTE OF THE EMPRESS LIVIA.

AFFECTED ignorance, or wilful cecity, are species of finesse practised successfully in many cases of conjugal infidelity. Livia, (by Caligula, called, the Ulysses in woman's dress,) when asked by what means she attained so much influence over Augustus, replied, "My secret is very simple:—I have always behaved prudently; I have studied to please him; and I have never been indiscreetly curious, neither about his private affairs, nor even his gallantries, of which I was contented to appear ignorant."

THE

THE SCAVENGER.

BY A

PHYSIOGNOMIST.

THOUGH some men have endeavoured to ridicule the principles of Lavater, and others have imagined they created illiberal ideas in the mind, yet I confess I am so far a convert to his opinions, as to fancy I can discover the leading traits of a character, by minutely examining the different features of the face. The pleasure which I derive from the study of Physiognomy, makes me so indifferent to what passes in the ordinary society I meet, that those who are acquainted with this mental abstraction, converse before me with as much freedom as they would before a child. Whilst I am debating with myself, whether a man's disposition is either *liberal* or *penurious;* whether he is a dastardly *coward*, or *courageously inclined;* the person who sits next me will frequently break the interesting thread of my conceptions, by telling me that Mr. Such-a-one has addressed me *three different times.* This destruction to the fabric which imagination was erecting, has at length induced me to confine my society within the compass of a few friends, at whose houses I can either enter into conversation, or study the characters of those who by accident I meet; as the master of the family always takes care, if any strangers are present, to give them a hint not to speak to me, unless they are addressed.

Though, from contracting my acquaintance, it may be supposed I have not left myself so large a field for speculation upon a subject which affords so much pleasure to my mind, yet this is a mistaken notion; for I have adopted a method, by which I can indulge my favourite occupation with more satisfaction and ease. Instead of confining my observations within the boundaries of a drawing-room, I allow them to extend to every striking countenance that I meet; and I have frequently walked from Piccadilly to Whitechapel, to study a character whom I have accidentally met in the street. The plan I am obliged to pursue, is certainly

tainly attended with some little trouble; for I first walk by the side of the object whose disposition I am anxious to find out; I then hurry on as fast as my legs will carry me, and return *slowly*, for the purpose of having a *full view* of the *face*. This method sometimes exposes me to the imputation of "an *impertinent fellow*, who shews his *cowardice*, by daring to affront an unprotected woman in the streets;" and when I submissively assure the lady, that it is from pure *respect* that I follow her, and that, from the expressive turn of her countenance, I was studying the peculiar virtues of her mind, I instantly perceive that she supposes *mine* is under some *derangement;* for, at the first stand we come to, a Hackney coach is called; and, before I have been able to determine the prominent feature in her character, Mr. Jehu whips her out of my sight.

When my attention is attracted by the appearance of some female of fortune, who is attended by a party-coloured fellow as her protector in the street, if I happen to attempt scrupulously to examine the contour of *her features*, it is a chance if the great giant who guards her person, does not give me a blow with his cane; and this, of course, I am forced to submit to, or degrade myself by striking the rascal again. Yet my observation is never attracted by *external appearance;* for I would as soon study the countenance of a *beggar*, as I would that of the first peer in the realm; and, indeed, the former is never attended with any other ill consequence, than that of trying the strength of my purse. However, in justice to myself, I must say, that I never stared poverty out of countenance; or studied features marked by the hand of affliction, without endeavouring to make them appear more *bright;* and many a delightful sensation have I experienced, from knowing I have diminished sorrows which would have escaped a less observing sight.

About six weeks have elapsed since my attention was attracted by the appearance of a young Scavenger, who was sweeping the street. I was crossing at the moment she was using the besom; and she dropped me a low curtsey, but did not attempt to speak. It was at once the bend of *humility* and *supplication;* yet it was neither destitute of elegance

or

or grace; and there was something in it that arrested my observation, though I was occupied upon business that demanded dispatch and haste. I always carry gold and silver in the same pocket; and I slipped what I thought a *shilling* into her hand, determining to return as soon as my business was transacted, and immediately pursued my way up the strand. I walked, or rather ran, till I came to the Salopian Coffee-house, as I found I was too late for the appointed time: but what was my surprise, upon quitting the Coffee-room, to observe the interesting Scavenger standing at the door!

"I hope, Sir, (said she,) you will pardon the liberty I have taken in following you; but I fancy you have made an unintentional mistake. You gave me a *guinea* instead of a *halfpenny*, which, as I could not overtake you, I have waited to return." So saying, she extended the image of George the Second, for the purpose of putting it into my hand. I know not whether I was most struck by the *action*, or her *manner*; but for some moments I did not make her any reply; when at length I enquired why she had given herself so much trouble, and demanded whether the *guinea* would not have been of *essential use?*

"*Use!*" she exclaimed in an emphatic accent, at the same time gazing upon it with the most expressive eyes: "Oh, Sir! can you suppose that a wretch completely destitute, could not find *various uses* for such a sum? But, thank God, *poverty* has not had the power of effacing *principle*; or of making me forget the lessons which I received at an early period of life."

If the turn of her countenance, and the humility of her courtesy, had called forth an interesting sensation in my heart, how much more must I have been struck with this refinement of language in a being, who, to support existence, was compelled to sweep the streets! "Put the guinea in your pocket, my amiable young creature, (said I, gently turning back the hand which was still extended towards me with the glittering prize.) But this is not all; I find myself interested about you; yet we cannot converse any longer in the street. Tell me where you live, and at what

what hour I shall call upon you; for it is not mere *curiosity* that I wish to gratify; for there is something about you, which makes me anxious to know the history of your life."

"You are too good, Sir, (replied the girl, with an ingenuous air of modesty;) but I live in a place so very wretched, that I cannot expect you would ever enter the house; and, besides, Sir, my poor grandmother has always desired me never to speak to any gentleman in the street; and I should not have thought of disobeying her orders, if I had not been certain you had given me the money in mistake."

The artless simplicity of this unsuspicious child of nature, made me still more desirous of knowing the principal events of her life; and I found that her grandmother lodged at a Chandler's-Shop in Drury-Lane, in a back room up four pair of stairs. The moment I had obtained this information, I determined immediately to go to the place; and though I had been prepared to see the abode of wretchedness, the appearance of every thing that I saw around me, conveyed an idea of the most exquisite distress. In the *country*, I have observed that *poverty* excites very different sensations to that which we experience at beholding it in town; for it neither precludes the comfort of *cleanliness*, or seems to be injurious to health: but the distresses of the lower orders in London, though they call forth *sympathy*, yet at the same time they excite *disgust*; for the dirt and filthiness with which poverty is surrounded, makes the representation of it painful in the extreme. When I came to the Chandler's-Shop which the interesting Scavenger's grandmother inhabited, it was with some difficulty that I was enabled to enter the door; for five or six dirty children were playing before it, whose pallid countenances were absolute emblems of disease. The stairs which I ascended might have been made of timber; but not the slightest appearance of *wood* was to be seen; in short, they were so completely plaistered with mud, and every species of nastiness, that it would be an affront to the dirtiest part of the *City*, to compare them to the streets. I proceeded up them, however, until I came to the chamber in which my directress informed me her relation lodged,

when tapping gently at the door, I instantly received permission to open it, and walk in.

The contrast between the floor of the humble apartment, and that which I had just passed over, instantly struck my eyes; for poverty, even in that wretched situation, was clothed in the garb of *cleanliness*, and no longer appeared disgusting to the sight. An *elderly*, though not absolutely an *old woman*, was knitting garters, supported by a stool on a truckle-bed, who, upon seeing me enter, said she fancied I was mistaken, as she supposed my visit was intended for the person who lived in the opposite room. I told her my visit was intended to the person I was addressing; and enquired whether she had not a very *beautiful grand child*. "Oh, yes, (exclaimed she) I have; and if any misfortune has happened to her, it will be a completion of the sorrows I have met with in my life." I soon dispersed the apprehensions which maternal solicitude had suggested, by disclosing the circumstance which had so much interested me in the amiable girl's affairs; and, after assuring her of *my* determination to render her essential service, begged to know what had been the cause of her being reduced to such distress.

"There are no particular eventful circumstances, Sir, in my history, (said she;) though a succession of misfortunes have marked my life. I was *unhappy* as a *daughter*; I have been rendered *miserable* by being a *mother*; and I tasted but *few* enjoyments the short time I was a *wife!* My father was under-steward to a nobleman; I had the misfortune to lose my mother a few hours after my birth; and as he married again a short time afterwards, his second wife's children occupied all his tenderness and care. As soon as I was old enough, I was placed as *half boarder* at a school in the neighbourhood, where, as no one seemed to be interested about me, I suffered much from cruelty and neglect: however, as I was anxious to avail myself of every advantage that was offered me, I became a greater favourite in time, and from the subordinate state of *half boarder*, I was at length advanced to be *under teacher* in the school. My attention to the office which I had undertaken, in the course of

three years elevated me to a much higher post: but at this time I had formed an attachment to the drawing-master, and in a luckless hour I quitted the school. Soon after my marriage, my husband was seized with a disorder, which, after lingering under for two years, terminated his life, and I was left without any provision to support myself and a young child! Providence, however, mercifully sent me assistance, and I had friends who kindly enabled me to set up a school, in which my success was even superior to my expectation, and I paid off every debt my husband had incurred.

"I placed my boy under the care of a gentleman who treated him with as much kindness as if he had been his son but it was impossible, either by persuasion or punishment, t check the extravagant turn to which he was inclined. I will not take up your time, Sir, by relating the numerous expences which this ill-fated and thoughtless young man incurred; but at length he involved *me* in his *ruin*, by the repeated drains which he made upon my purse. Through the interest of my friends, several lucrative situations were offered him; but he was too indolent to engage in any active kind of live; and though he had no means of supporting a family at the age of one-and-twenty, he thought proper to take a wife. Mortified, as I was, by this increase of my expences, yet my affection was soon attracted by the amiable turn of my daughter-in-law's mind, who, by her tenderness and attention, seemed to compensate for the *undutiful* and *unkind behaviour* of *my child*. The gratification, however, that I enjoyed from this amiable creature's tenderness, lasted but a very short time; for the uneasiness she felt at the impropriety of her husband's conduct, was the means of shortening her valuable life; and with her dying breath she implored me to be a mother to a helpless infant who was then only six months old

"Sacredly did I fulfil the trust reposed in me; and my poor Lucy never felt the loss which she had sustained. Amply has the dear girl returned all my kindness, when, to support her old grandmother, she is compelled to sweep the streets! But I am not yet come to that part of my history; neither, Sir, have I given you any instances of the attachment

ment of that amiable creature's heart. When she was six years old, my son was thrown into prison, and I had not the means of obtaining his release. My school had gradually diminished, in consequence of the impropriety of his conduct; for whenever he paid me a visit, he amused himself with writing love letters to the great girls; and this was done with no other view than that of destroying my credit, which, when I refused to support his extravagance, seemed the first wish of his heart. Yet, when I heard he was sick in prison, I sold my little stock of furniture, came to town, and took a small lodging near the Fleet. I then opened a day-school; and my poor Lucy used to go and sit with her father, and knit garters for an old woman who sold them in the street. Young as she then was, I received proofs of her attachment, which I could hardly have expected in a child that was double her age; and, after the death of her father, we removed to Islington, where my exertions to gain a livelihood for some time seemed to thrive. Still, Sir, it appeared that *Fortune* was *determined* to persecute *me*; for an execution was put into my landlord's house, and the furniture of my lodgings seized for his rent; and, to make the circumstance doubly afflictive, I was at that time confined with a rheumatic complaint to my bed. Pitiable as was my situation, it was not able to excite compassion in hearts which were hardened against the claims which sympathy could make; and the merciless agents of the law's authority, actually took every article that I possessed. By the humanity of a neighbour, however, I found a shelter for my wretchedness; but my school unfortunately began to decrease; for, as I was not able to attend to the children, their parents did not think my poor Lucy was old enough to supply my place.

"At length the dear girl obtained employment from a warehouse in Holborn, and absolutely worked night and day; but the carrying it backwards and forwards soon became too fatiguing, and I found it would be necessary for us to get a lodging nearer the place. *Distress*, Sir, reconciles the mind to the most miserable situation; and the only cheap lodging we could find was in this wretched street;

and we have now been inhabitants of this forlorn apartment three years and six weeks. During that period, I have been supported by the exertions of my beloved Lucy, who, about three months ago, had the misfortune to be robbed of a bundle of work, which she could not finish until rather too late an hour for her to have gone out. This seemed to be the very climax of our wretchedness; for she was not only refused farther employment, but compelled to make good the loss, which we contrived to do by the sale of our apparel, together with that of an old silver watch. To *beg*, or to *starve*, appeared the only choice left us; but, with the remaining sixpence in our possession, the dear angel bought a broom; and, notwithstanding the degrading employment, she earns more by sweeping the streets than she ever did by work." Here the old lady finished the history of her misfortunes, which, during the relation of them, had drawn tears from my eyes.

As we have been taught by the great Author all *religious* as well as *moral virtues*, that we are not to let the left-hand know what the *right* does, I shall not fill up the paper of the Museum by ostentatiouslydescribing the relief which I afforded these unfortunate offsprings of distress; but merely say, that the interesting Scavenger is now removed into an airy apartment; and that the medical gentleman who attends her grandmother, gives me reason to hope she will recover the use of her limbs.

ON SLANDER.

PUNISHING the slanderer does not rid you of the slander; nor is there any other means to obliterate it. Plato's method appears to have been the best calculated to prevent its bad effects. On his being informed that some one had reported that he was an infamous character, he said, "I shall take care to live so, that nobody will believe the reporter."—For our deportment does not fall under the cognizance of every citizen; some must know it only by report.

PHYSI-

PHYSIOGNOMICAL ANECDOTES.

FROM LAVATER.

I REQUIRE nothing of thee, (said a father to his innocent son, when bidding him farewell.) but that thou shouldest bring me back this thy countenance.

A noble, amiable, and innocent young lady, who had been chiefly educated in the country, saw her face in the glass, as she passed it with a candle in her hand, retiring from evening prayer, and having just laid down her bible. Her eyes were cast to the ground, with inexpressible modesty, at the sight of her own image. She passed the winter in town, surrounded by adorers, hurried away by dissipation, and plunged in trifling amusement; she forgot her bible, and her devotion. In the beginning of spring she returned again to her country-seat, her chamber, and the table on which her bible lay. Again she had the candle in her hand, and again saw herself in the glass. She turned pale, put down the candle, retreated to a sofa, and fell on her knees.—'Oh, God! I no longer know my own face. How am I degraded! My follies and vanities are all written in my countenance. Wherefore have they been neglected, illegible, till this instant? Oh, come, and expel, come, and utterly efface them, mild tranquillity, sweet devotion, and ye gentle cares of benevolent love!'

'I will forfeit my life,' said Titus of the priest Tacitus, 'if this man be not an arch knave. I have three times observed him sigh and weep without cause; and ten times turn aside, to conceal a laugh he could not restrain, when vice or misfortune were mentioned.'

A stranger said to a Physiognomist, 'How many dollars is my face worth?' 'It is hard to determine,' replied the latter. 'It is worth fifteen hundred,' continued the questioner; 'for so many has a person lent me upon it to whom I was a total stranger.'

A poor man asked alms. 'How much do you want?' said the person of whom he asked, astonished at the peculiar honesty of his countenance. 'How shall I dare to fix the

sum?' answered the needy person: 'Give me what you please, Sir; I shall be contented, and thankful.'—'Not so,' replied the Physiognomist; 'as God lives, I will give you what you want, be it little or much.' 'Then, Sir, be pleased to give me eight shillings.' 'Here they are. Had you asked a hundred guineas, you should have had them.'

PHILOSOPHICAL MAXIMS.

IT is much better to sleep without supper, than to wake in the morning in debt.

An indiscreet man is like an unsealed letter: every body may read it.

Idleness has no advocate, but many friends.

Frugality and industry are the servants of fortune.

Ambition, without real talents, will involve one, sooner or later, in disgrace.

Inscribe injuries on sand, and benefits on marble.

The man that acts the buffoon in company, displays just understanding enough to be a fool.

Do nothing in the moment of wrath. Would you put to sea in the midst of a tempest?

Sarcastic pleasantry is the poison of friendship.

No persons are more empty, than those who are full of themselves.

Bad company will make the good wicked, and the wicked worse.

Falsehood goes upon one leg only; Truth upon two.

A false friend is like the shadow of a sun-dial, which appears while the sun shines, and vanishes at the approach of the smallest cloud.

He who is charitable from motives of ostentation, will never relieve distress in secret.

Prepare for the worst, while you hope for the best.

A regular life is the best philosophy; a pure conscience the best law.

Plain honesty is the best politeness, and temperance the best physician.

Riches

Riches obey the wise man, and govern the fool.

Knowledge is the ornament of the rich, and the riches of the poor.

Knowledge is a treasure, of which study is the key.

Disease walks in the footsteps of intemperance; poverty in those of idleness.

A fool may wear an embroidered dress, but it will be the dress of a fool.

We triumph over a bad habit with much more ease to day than to-morrow.

The worst wind blows in favor of some one.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE.

MR. COOPER, who has for some years shone the ROSCIUS of the American stage, appeared in the character of *Hamlet*. His acting throughout is of the most dignified and impressive kind, particularly in the scenes which call for the stronger workings of passion. The figure of Mr. COOPER is tall and well formed; his deportment is graceful; his face is expressive; and his voice is full toned, and of extensive compass.

Mr. COOPER has also made his appearance in the character of *Macbeth*, and fully supported in it the reputation he has acquired. In the dagger scene he was particularly happy. He displayed equal judgment in the bustling of the part towards the close; but he should avoid some of his long pauses. He is often too deliberate, and labours too much to mark each passage, instead of letting nature takes its course. Under these circumstances, a passage judiciously marked comes with double force. This is the main, almost the only error in Mr. COOPER, who is certainly an actor of great merit. That the town is captivated by his performances, is proved by the overflowing houses which he draws.

COVENT

COVENT GARDEN. *March* 5.

This evening a new Comedy, called *John Bull;* or, *An Engliſhman's Fireſide;* was performed for the firſt time at this Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Peregrine - -	Mr. COOKE.
Sir Simon Rochdale -	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Frank Rochdale -	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
Lord Fitz Balaam -	Mr. WADDY.
Hon. Tom Shuffleton	Mr. LEWIS.
Job Thornberry -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Dennis Brulgruddery	Mr. J. JOHNSTONE.
Dan - - - -	Mr. EMERY.
Lady Caroline Braymore	Mrs. JOHNSTON.
Mrs. Brulgruddery	Mrs. DAVENPORT.
Mary Thornberry -	Mrs. GIBBS.

The ſcene lies in Cornwall, upon the coaſt of which *Peregrine*, who has been many years abſent from his country, and nearly loſing his life, gains the ſhore by ſwimming from his ſhip, which is in danger of being wrecked. He reaches the Red Cow, a poor inn, upon Muckſlush Heath, and there learns he is near Penzance, and that his old friend, *Job Thornberry*, a brazier in that town, is ſtill living. The voice of diſtreſs ſoon aſſails his ear; he ruſhes out, and preſently returns ſupporting *Mary*, whom he has reſcued from robbers: from her he learns, that ſhe has that morning abandoned her father's houſe, being forſaken by her lover, *(Francis Rochdale;)* he being compelled by his father, *Sir Simon*, to marry *Lady Caroline Braymore*, who, with her father, *Lord Fitz Balaam*, are at the Manor Houſe to adjuſt matters for that purpoſe; and that ſhe is going to London to ſeek an aſylum. He prevails on her to wait his return from a ſhort excurſion; ſets out for Penzance; arrives at the houſe of *Job Thornberry*, at a time when the bailiffs (under a commiſſion of bankruptcy)

bankruptcy) are in possession of his effects, and soon makes himself known to the brazier, as one who, thirty years before, when a boy, had been relieved by him, and recommended to a captain of a ship at Falmouth; and that fortune having favoured him, he had returned home to reward his benefactor, to which intent he produces a small box he had swam ashore with, which has the name "*Job Thornberry*" written upon it; asserting, that the contents of it belonged to him, as being the profits gained upon 10l. which he had received from *Job* in his distress. The brazier declines his offers of assistance, observing, that his daughter Mary having deserted him, he has no one left to care for. It immediately occurs to *Peregrine*, that she must be the girl whom he has just rescued; and promises *Job*, if he will accept his assistance, and consider it as a debt, he will bring him to his daughter. This is consented to; and the brazier's debts, amounting to six thousand pounds, are paid. *Peregrine* then conducts *Job* to his daughter, who is soon forgiven by her father, and by him accompanied to the house of *Sir Simon Rochdale*. *Job* here, after having in vain demanded redress from *Sir Simon* for the injury done his daughter, meets with *Peregrine*, who is come thither to try his influence in behalf of the unhappy family. *Lady Caroline Braymore*, having learnt from *Shuffleton*, that *Francis Rochdale* is secretly attached to another, consents to that gentleman's addresses, and arrives at *Sir Simon's* at a time when the endeavours of *Thornberry* and *Peregrine* have proved fruitless, and she acquaints *Sir Simon* of her marriage with *Shuffleton*; but the latter still obstinately refuses to redress the aggrieved brazier, when *Peregrine* declares himself to be, and that he can prove he is, the elder brother to *Sir Simon*, and heir to the estate of which he has so long had possession. Intelligence also at this time arrives, that the ship, with *Peregrine's* whole property on board, is safe in port; and *Sir Simon* at length consents to the union of the lovers.

This Comedy is the production of Mr. COLMAN's lively muse, and is equal to his most successful pieces in wit,

wit, humour, repartee, and whimsicality of character. The story is interesting, and the incidents judiciously combined. The whole forms a rich fund of genuine amusement; nor is the Comedy deficient in the pathetic, arising from just and natural feeling, while it impresses on the minds of the audience several edifying lessons of morality.

The performers, particularly LEWIS, FAWCETT, JOHNSTONE, EMERY, BLANCHARD, Mrs. H. JOHNSTON, and Mrs. GIBBS, acquitted themselves, in their respective characters, with the happiest effect. The house overflowed in every part long before the commencement of the piece.

EPILOGUE TO JOHN BULL,

AS SUNG BY MR. JOHNSTONE.

SINCE Epilogue-speaking to me is quite new,
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two:
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon;
But I think, if I *sing*, I shall *speak to some tune.*
Tol de rol, &c.

Now touching this Comedy, critics may say,
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play;
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow;
For its all about *Bull;* and the scene's the *Red Cow.*

Yet not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmens' rights.
Let a Duke wrong a *Brazier*, the Barristers all
Know that *brass* can do wonders in Westminster-hall.

But was ever a tale so improbably told,
As *Peregrine* swimming with huge lumps of gold?
Should a man who sinks cash, with cash try to swim,
For a pound to a shilling, his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight;
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em light:
Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he might thank—
'Tis amazing of late how they stick in the *Bank!*

One circumstance keeps probability's law,
A beautiful female commits a *faux pas*—
That's nature—But critics, who don't praise in haste,
Will certainly not call the incident chaste.

Now

Now in heart, if not nature, *Tom Shuffleton's* found;
He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd;
Of the worst Bond-street litter—Such whelps none admire:
Chuck 'em all in the Thames—they won't set it on fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal points of the Play,
Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away?
Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon:
The Ayes have it, I think; though it mayn't be *nem. con.*

Oh! *Mr. Dennis Brulgruddery* lives with his dear;
They're in style, and agree just like thunder and beer,
An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hackt;
But how charmingly sure Mr. JOHNSTONE did act!

Then success to John Bull—Let this toast be his pride,
Bless the King of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-side.
At John Bull's fire-side should a foe dare to frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe down.

The ROYAL FAMILY on Thursday, March 17, went for the first time to see the new popular Comedy of *John Bull*, with which they were highly delighted. A greater crowd was never witnessed at a theatre. When their Majesties entered, they were received with an enthusiasm of applause never exceeded. The people seemed to feel the situation of the country, and a desire to inspire the Sovereign with confidence of their support. *God save the King* was sung, and received with the warmest affection. *Rule Britannia*, after the play, and *God save the King*, after the entertainment, were alike hailed with acclamations. In the epilogue, the passage, "bless the King of JOHN BULL," occasioned an immediate burst of applause, which was reiterated often and vehemently. Their Majesties were in excellent spirits. The KING was dressed in regimentals. The QUEEN in a straw-coloured tissue dress, with black and silver spangled head-dress and band of diamonds, and small black feather. The Princess ELIZABETH wore a white petticoat, with a yellow figured robe, and a large plume of white feathers. The Princess AUGUSTA also wore a large plume of white feathers, with a white petticoat, and pink figured robe: both these Princesses seemed to have robes of the new manufacture her Majesty is patronizing. The Princess SOPHIA had on a black velvet robe, with gold net head-dress, and one large white feather.

CABINET

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

EVENING DRESSES.

1. A head-dress of mazarine blue velvet, trimmed with lace, and a lace veil, and ostrich feathers. The dress, light blue muslin, with a short sleeve of mazarine blue velvet, trimmed with lace. The body covered with lace. Gloves and shoes, white leather.

2. The head-dress, a large lace veil. The gown white muslin, with a number of plaits on the breast and sleeves, in the French style. Shoes and gloves, white.

MORNING DRESSES.

3. A bonnet of a light scarlet velvet, trimmed with a wreath of green velvet leaves. A pelice of the same velvet, lined with sarsenet, and trimmed with swan's-down and white ribbons. Shoes, green; and gloves, York tan. The gown plain white muslin.

4. A green velvet hat, turned up in front with ostrich feathers. A short pelice of the same velvet, trimmed with swan's-down. Shoes, green; gloves, York tan.

1 2

Evening Dresses.

Pub.d by Vernor & Ho[illegible] April

Morning Dresses.

or & Ha pril 1st 1803

The Apollonian Wreath.

ODE TO FANCY.

WHEN pallid Cynthia rules the night;
When stars in myriads sparkle bright;
When Fairies trip on dewy grass,
Nor bend the blades o'er which they pass;
When ravens scream o'er church-yards drear,
Where ghosts and grisly forms appear;
When careless men are wrapt in sleep;
Then let me nightly vigils keep.

Then, Fancy, come, and, with illusive power,
Each sombre thought chase from my soaring mind;
In bliss ideal let me live this hour,
Nor think the next will mix my air-born thoughts with wind.

Lead me o'er India's fertile plains,
Its wide-extended fields of canes;
Its citron-groves, at scorching noon,
Impervious to the flaming sun;
Its desarts wild, where tygers howl,
Wolves range, and dread hyenas prowl;
Its woods immense, where cedars grow,
And cool refreshing breezes blow.

O'er scenes like these with Fancy let me range,
Inhale the balmy air that breathes around;
Forget sweet Nature's face may sudden change,
And livid light'nings fly, and earthquakes rock the ground.

Or, with great Newton, should I dare
To wander through the liquid air,
And worlds on worlds unnumber'd view,
In yon bright vault of heav'nly blue:
Then, Fancy, then thy power is o'er;
Then, Fancy, thou canst charm no more;
Far, far beyond thy boldest flight,
This space immense of starry light.

But though from these bright paths of boundless heav'n,
Fancy, exhausted, prone to earth descend;
To ease man's cares on earth 'twas surely giv'n,
Till time shall be no more, and Fancy's power shall end.

ISABELLA.

TO A ZEPHYR.

Tha do chuimhne mar dhears' air m'anam

CATH-LAMHA.

DEAR little breeze, on thy wings of the west,
Soft brushing the dew on the sun pearled dale,
Canst thou bear one poor sigh of an ill-fated breast,
To the dear lovely maid of yon far distant vale?

O swift be thy speed to yon wild woodland grove,
Where the smiles of thy Flora bedeck the sweet green;
Where, thoughtless of fate, and first conscious of love,
My heart with despair still remembers the scene.

O fleet be thy course, till its tall head appear;
By the rose of thy love, I implore thee to fly,
And sip with thy breath the disconsolate tear
That obscures the bright beam of yon hopelorn eye.

O blow not, rude winds, with unmerciful gale!
O spare the soft locks of her auburn dark hair!
O dye not her fair cheek with winter-cold pale!
Too oft it is wan with the hues of despair.

O why should thou weep over Fortune severe,
Over hopes that she cruel denied we should see?
O wipe from thy cheek that disconsolate tear,
Though parted for ever, oh! parted from me.

LINES TO FORTUNE.

I.

FORTUNE! propitious hear the prayer
Warm from my bosom glowing;
Give me a friend, a friend sincere,
And I, supremely blest, will bear
All ills of thy bestowing.

II.

A friend, whose open, gen'rous heart
Will all my joys redouble;
In all my griefs will bear a part,
And soothing seek to heal the smart
That springs from pain and trouble.

III.

A friend like this, kind goddess, give,
And I, thy vot'ry, ever
Will laugh at those who sigh and pant,
To gain what they may never want,
And—envy them?—No, never!

ISABELLA.

LINES,

Written by a Gentleman, on seeing his Picture, taken when he was a Child.

THOU faithful semblance of a smiling face,
In whose soft lineaments I pensive trace
The joys and pleasures of my early years,
Unknown to sorrows, and unstain'd by tears,
Lead me on Fancy's ever-ardent wing,
And all the pastime of that season bring:
Recal the gay companions of those days,
To which my pensive soul too fondly strays!
Those coral lips, those cheeks vermilion red;
Those wanton ringlets, flowing down my head;
That bosom, guiltless as the fleecy crew;
Too much affect me, whilst I raptur'd view!
Ah! John—what various scenes hast thou beheld;
What num'rous passions hast thou bravely quell'd;
How many fest'ring wounds has friendship gave;
How many friends lie buried in the grave;

What cruel arrows has that bosom felt,
That brutal hearts, and savage hands have dealt,
Since those young features were depictur'd true,
And the whole tablet represented *you!*
The thoughts that mem'ry pictures to my soul,
Are such as reason scarcely can controul.
Here must I pause—no more can I proceed;
For all my sorrows now begin to bleed!

I. H.

THE DYING MYRTLE.

BY DR. PERFECT.

THIS emblem of love the most true,
Sweet type of unvarying truth,
Enchantingly fair to the view,
Was the gift of her favorite youth;
Was the myrtle array'd in soft bloom,
Sensations of bliss to excite;
Round Delia it breath'd its perfume,
Was approv'd and preferr'd in her sight.

Did Damon awaken the lyre;
Apollo, attach'd to his side,
Enliven its tremulous wire,
Resounding his boast and his pride;
For Delia his lays were prolong'd;
The myrtle of love was his strain;
And much she his suit would have wrong'd,
Had she slighted the lays of her swain.

'Mid the warmth of Aurora's first ray
The myrtle was seen to expand;
Adding sweets to the sweetness of May,
Its blossoms invited the hand;
And gladly her bard shall repeat,
That Delia, due honour to show,
Permitted those odours a seat
In her bosom, that rivall'd the snow.

Of the vi'let, blue-coated, she sung,
As a maiden of diffident mien,
The offspring of Flora among,
Enriching the Zephyr unseen:
Of the rose, so commanding of praise,
As the garden's profess'd Columbine,
That in blushes too often betrays
The shame of her being too fine;

Of

Of the jess'mine, in modest array,
For innocent visage admir'd,
As chaste and as soft as the day,
In stole of Autumnus attir'd;
That the suckle, for sympathy fam'd,
Her tears would in fragrance distill;
That the hyacinth elegance claim'd,
As well as the splendid jonquil:

That the cowslip, in gold-colour'd crest,
Her breath of ambrosia exhales;
With the primrose, less brilliantly drest,
And the lily, fair queen of the vales:
That geranium, of odours refin'd,
And the tulip, variety's friend,
Had either its province assign'd,
The treasures of Flora to blend:

That the amarinth, deathless of name,
In garden elysian that blew;
And the anana, sweetest in fame
Of all that e'er blossom'd or grew;
That these in successive delight,
Alternate their beauties impart;
But the *myrtle* was first in her sight,
The object most dear to her heart;

To Venus herself not more dear:
—"Then come, honour'd plant, to my breast,"
She said—but was pallid with fear,
When its foliage she hastily press'd.
She saw it recline its gay head,
In verdure all wither'd and pale;
Its odours, all recently fled,
No longer impregnate the gale.

Infelicity, Delia, was thine:
Dear mourner, thy sorrows, and grief,
Let thy bard with his own intertwine,
Administer tender relief.
Remember in solace thy swain,
To soothe and diminish thy smart,
In affection will ever maintain
The *myrtle of love* in thy heart.

LINES

TO A PRIVATE FAMILY IN SHROPSHIRE, WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR WAS UPON A VISIT, AND WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HIS DEPARTURE.

BY MR. HACKETT.

FROM the mansion of peace I depart,
And leave the sweet scenes that are dear;
With a weight, that oppresses my heart,
I bid you farewell—with a tear!
From Friendship's delightful abode
To a world of deception I fly;
Ill-form'd to traverse such a road,
As my soul pictures life to mine eye!

How sweetly the hours flew along,
In converse, in strolling, or books,
Or cheer'd by the charms of a song,
Enliven'd by Emily's looks!
No discord, no scandal, or strife,
Their rude tones ever struck on mine ears:
Too frequent, alas!—in a life,
That is tinctur'd with sorrows, and tears.

For the soul, of an elegant mould,
Disdains what is little, and low;
Its conceptions are richer than gold,
And soften the sorrows of woe!
That slander ne'er dwelt on our tongue,
Or malice invaded our breast,
The groves, we have wander'd among,
Can justly, and truly, attest!

Oh! Happiness! where are thy beams,
And where do thy seraphs appear?
'Midst lawns, in the groves, by the streams,
That brighten the scenes that are *here!*
I shall never behold thee again,
Or perceive thee wherever I go;
For, depress'd by the tortures of pain,
I must haste to a city of woe!

Then accept, my dear friends, an adieu
From a heart that's unconscious of guile;
That will ever be grateful to you,
Tho' my cheek be undeck'd with a smile!
To the woods, to the streams, and the lawns,
(Oh! could they but hear me the while!)
To the birds, to the deer, and the fawns,
An adieu—tho' not with a smile!—

CLARISSA;

OR

VIRTUE BETRAYED.

Res est soliciti plena timoris, Amor!

OVID.

ASIDE a slowly murm'ring stream
(Responsive to her woe)
Clarissa pour'd her love-lorn theme,
As ceas'd her tears to flow.

"Ye hours of bliss, where have ye flown?
To climes of endless spring!
No more can I your transports own,
No more your Pæans sing!

I quit the joyous scene of light,
To soothe my woe-worn breast;
The shady grove, the gloom of night,
Will suit my sorrow best!

A father's house, a father's care,
No longer meet my view:
No more I'll quit the open air;
My bed shall be the dew.

William! for thee I left his cot,
His homely, peaceful fare:
Those faithless vows that cast my lot,
Have cast me to despair!

Ah! why did I in transport own
Each thought was fix'd on thee?
Ungrateful youth, since thou alone
Hast seal'd my misery!

Thy sighs, that fan'd my glowing cheek,
No more express thy pain!
Thy syren voice, in accents meek,
Have now no prize to gain.

My father, wretched at my lot,
His labouring toils forego:
Despair is hov'ring o'er his cot,
And ev'ry thought is woe.

Had

Had but my mother liv'd to see
My wretched loss of fame,
Tenfold would be my misery,
Tenfold would be my shame!

Alas! forlorn, where shall I go!
Disgrace pursues the way.
My loss of virtue proves my foe,
And drives me from the day.

May tigers, savage as thy soul,
Thy perjur'd vitals tear;
May frenzy all thy looks controul,
And mark thee with despair.—

—No, no—may conscience sting thy mind,
And make thy heart her prey;
That thou mayst own thyself unkind
When first thou stol'st away.

Henceforth I'll seek the shady grove,
And chaunt my Virtue's knell,
That maidens hence may cease to love—
At least, to love so well."

Southwark,
March 6th, 1803.

Σιγμα.

EVENING.

Nobility of blood
Is but a glit'ring and fallacious good.
The nobleman is he whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.

DRYDEN.

I.

APOLLO sinks beneath the watry plain,
Feebly reflecting one last glim'ring ray:
Now dusky Eve, with all her mantling train,
Usurps the realms of wide illuming day:

II.

Enwrapt in darkness, and in sombre shade,
Steals o'er the hill, the dale, the distant view;
And twinkling stars each moment seem to fade
Amid their beds o'deep ethereal blue.

The

III.

The birds no longer tune their native lay,
Nor on the ear their plaintive warblings trill:
"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,"
And all is hush'd, and all around is still;

IV.

Save the soft breeze that gently floats along
The buoyant air, to cool the fertile dale;
Or where the woodlark pours his grateful song,
Or where the bat pursues his ev'ning sail.

V.

Here mid these scenes, so genial to my mind,
Prone to reflection and research profound,
In ev'ry prospect some new lesson find,
In ev'ry season as it circles round.

VI.

These shadows seem attun'd to ev'ry thought,
Which e'er should fill the contemplative soul,
Whom rude experience has early taught
The youthful passions nobly to controul.

VII.

And now the great partake their mid-day meal,
Change times and seasons, as their fancies veer,
T' make noon night—What pleasure can they feel?—
Or turn the summer into winter drear.

VIII.

'Tis not the gay that are the truly great,
Nor is it fortune that can make us good,
Nor all the splendor of parade and state,
Nor all the boast of ancest'ry and blood:

IX.

But 'tis the virtues that imprint the worth,
The lib'ral hand, and kind forgiving breast.
How far superior these to boasted birth!
Ah, these so valued, and so truly blest!

London, R. T. OLIVANT.
March 12th, 1803.

ADDRESS TO STELLA.

SWEET as the misty morning dew,
Which fresh'ning tips the lawn;
Sweet as the Summer's winds, which few
With mildness hail the morn;
Sweet as the sympathetic sigh,
Which pitying—heals our woes;
Sweet as the florist's pleased eye
Reviews—the budding rose.

Sweeter than all is Oiseau crown'd,
His joys by Stella giv'n;
Her words transport with joyful sound,
Her looks are sweet as Heav'n.
Oh! may she ne'er suppress the lay,
But still with love adorn
That heart, which can with greatness say,
Will scorn to prove a thorn.

OISEAU.

THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

BLEST Institution! where we all may see
A little age produc'd by Charity;
Cloath'd, fed, and taught in Education's field;
Where ev'ry seed, in time, a flow'r may yield;
Where sprinkling drops progressive rear their lives,
From fount of knowledge, till their bloom arrives;
So that when launch'd amid this world's gay throng,
Then to adorn—the sex that they belong.

Who can describe the scenes they might have shar'd?
Committed to a life—a sea compar'd,
Where troubled waters roll on ev'ry side,
And on Misfortune's wave their efforts glide.
Yet Heav'n hath snatch'd such babes from friendless woe;
Taught strangers' hearts Compassion's voice to know;
For all man's feelings in his heart here wakes,
Pity's the Foundling, and a Christian's joy partakes.

Emblems of benevolence! whose gen'rous hand,
Still adds fresh laurels to our British land,
Still may the tincture through the kindred breathe,
Still may you wear the hospitable wreath;
Whilst distant nations shall astonish'd view,
Where Love and Pity's ever rising new.

T. Bian.

THE WITHERED VIOLET.

SWEET flower! and is thy blue eye clos'd,
That open'd to the morning ray?
And are thy charms so soon expos'd
To droop, and moulder in decay?

Like thee, till Julia touch'd my heart,
I smil'd in life's auspicious morn;
Each gale that pass'd could charms impart,
On every breeze my bliss was borne.

Like thee, I flourish'd for a while
In Julia's smile, in Julia's eye;
But now thrown off, denied that smile,
Like thee, I droop; like thee, I die.

And when thou bid'st thy sweets expand,
And when thou yield'st thy parting breath,
To scatter fragrance o'er the hand
That crops thy flower, that seals thy death—

'Tis but like me, who, doom'd to sigh,
Condemn'd by Julia's frowns to smart,
Yet still must bless that scornful eye,
Yet still must love that cruel heart.

A RIDDLE.

WHY, how is it, father, you never will stay?
Or stop for one moment, to hear what I say?
You pay no respect to the rich, or the great,
Yet require that all classes *your pleasure* should wait.
The Heir, who is panting a fortune to gain,
When his Sire is reliev'd from the torture of pain,
Oft implores you to use a little more speed;
But perversely you seem then to drag on your steed!
The Statesman, who's longing to gain a rich place,
In vain may entreat you to *quicken* your *pace;*
For, instead of then hoisting *additional sail,*
You provoke him, by moving just like a poor snail.
To prove how perversely you deal with mankind,
When the man whom young Cupid has render'd half blind,
Is painting the passion which ardently glows
In that spot from whence love and pure tenderness flows,
Why then you drive on at so furious a rate,
That the poor fellow is not allow'd to relate
Half his pains, half his hopes, half his griefs, or his fears,
Or scarcely to drop a few *lover's tears;*
For your hunters are then either brought to the door;
Or you whisk him away in a post-chaise and four!

SOLUTIONS OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

CHARADE I.—Log-wood.

———— II.—Flip-pant.

NEW CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY first is Nature's pearly treasure,
Sent to nurture plants and flow'rs,
By that hand which sets no measure
To the blessings which it pours!

My second is the infant's cradle,
Where its sorrows find repose.
My whole I find myself scarce able
To describe, or to disclose,

'Tis of *animal* creation,
Yet it only is a part:
Still it has a certain station,
Not beyond the creature's heart.

CHARADE II.

MY first is a tale that's untrue;
My second's a swain smartly dress'd:
My whole into fashion first grew
When Pleasure robb'd Sleep of her rest.

Correspondence, &c.

The Editor has not been enabled to fulfil his Promise to G. B. *as the Paper containing his Address has been mislaid: he will have the Goodness to insert it in his next Communication.*

I. H. *is always acceptable: want of Room is our only Reason for Delay.*

If E. C. *will send another Copy of what he so much wishes to be inserted, it shall be taken care of.*

Our Isle of Wight Correspondent C. *shall be noticed next Month.*

Mackenzie sc

Mrs Rowe

Published by Vernor & Hood Poultry May 1. 1803.